



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

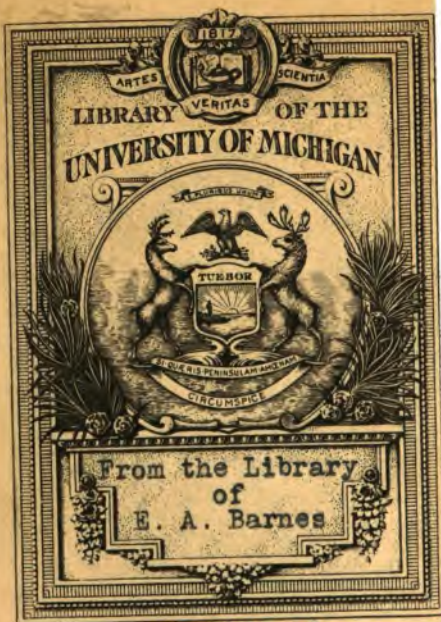
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



The Gift of

Mrs. Barnard Pierce
Mrs. Carl Haessler
Mrs. Howard Luce
Miss Margaret Knight

8228

2531

1738

B4

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Ninth.

CONTAINING
TWELFTH NIGHT.
WINTER'S TALE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, *British Library,* STRAND.
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

822.8

S53

1788

B4

M

Bell's Edition.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her bar'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toll'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

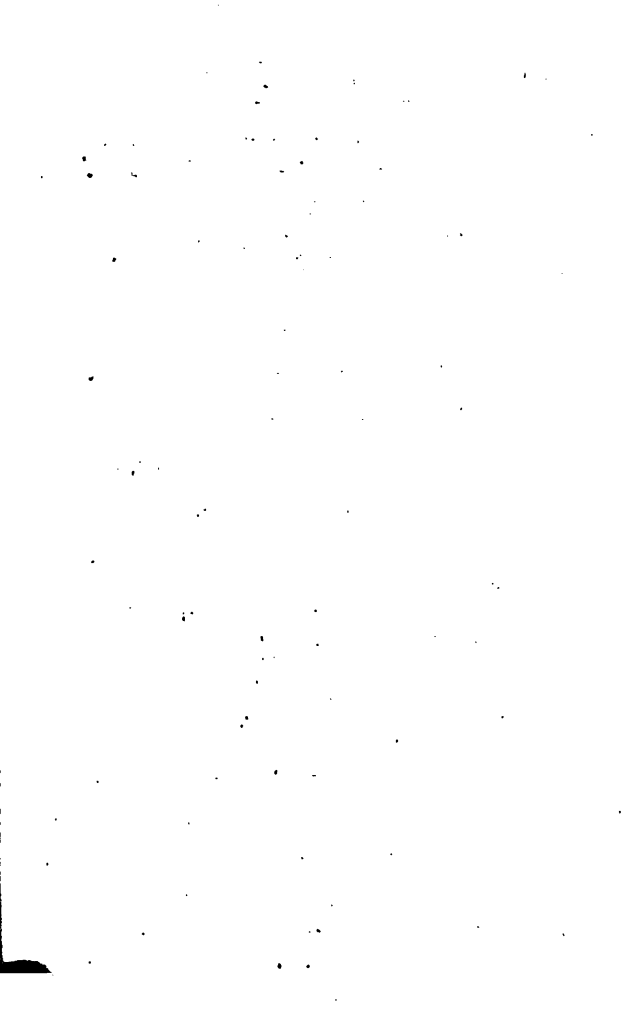
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.



Library
E. A. Barnes
9-10-41

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers-Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. August 6, 1607, a comedy called *What you Will* (which is the second title of this play), was entered at Stationers-Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humor*, at the end of act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS,

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Agree-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
 SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*
 ANTONIO, *a Sea-Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*
 VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
 CURIO, }
 SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*
 SIR ANDREW AGREE-CHEEK, *a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.*
A Sea-Captain, Friend to Viola.
 FABIAN, *Servant to Olivia.*
 MALVOLIO, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*
 Clown, *Servant to Olivia.*

WOMEN.

OLIVIA, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, beloved by the Duke.*
 VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
 MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke.

If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.——Enough ; no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters that's,

16

Of

Of what validity and pitch soever;
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 O, when my eyes did see Olivia first, 20
 Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from
 her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 The element itself, till seven years hence,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round 30
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These

These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections), with one self-same king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ; 41
Love thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Street. Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd :—What think you,
sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may
he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with
chance, 50

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea ;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,

So long as I could see.

Vio.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold : 60
 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,
 Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him ;
 He was a bachelor then. 71

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
 For but a month ago I went from hence ;
 And then 'twas fresh in marmur (as, you know,
 What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That dy'd some twelve-month since ; then leaving
 her

In the protection of his son, her brother, 80
 Who shortly also dy'd : for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
 And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady ;
 And might not be deliver'd to the world,
 'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

90

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

100

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S House. Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an
enemy to life.

111

B

Mar.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps. 121

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose? 129

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 141

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castilian and volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

153

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

161

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Bij

Mar.

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again. 170

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again ; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand ?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand..

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart ? what's your metaphor ? 180

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so ; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest ?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them ?

Mar. Ay sir ; I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary ; When did I see thee so put down ? 189

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless you see canary put me down : Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts! 202

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off. 212

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it, Tut, there's life in't, man. 220

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. 230

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard; and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard. 241

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! 249

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's Attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd ; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love : Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours ?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho ?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord ; here. 260

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

270
Duke.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord ; What
then ?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ; 280
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair :—Some four, or five, attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
When least in company :—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, 290
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady : [*Exit Duke.*] yet, a barrful
strife !

Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's House. Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours. 300

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; Is not that as good as a hanging to you? 312

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither: but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaskins fall. 320

Clo.

Clo. Apt, in good faith ; very apt ! Well, go thy way ; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that ; here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : For what says Quinapalius ? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—
God bless thee, lady !

331

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry ; bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him : Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd : virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin ; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue : If that this simple syllogism will serve ; so ; if it will not, what remedy ? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower :—the lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree !—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* ; that's as much as to say ; I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool. 352

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna ; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou ? 360

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes ; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him : Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 371

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren

a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now; he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men; that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. 384

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 391

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 400

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you

you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool : whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *piá mater* !

410

Enter Sir TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ? What gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o'these pickle-herring !—How now, sot ?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ! I defy lechery : There's one at the gate.

421

Oli. Ay, marry ; what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd : go, look after him.

431

C

Clo.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial. 449

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he? 450

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face ;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 461

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her ; Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage. 471

Oli. Whence came you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house ? 480

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on

Cij

with

with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical. 490

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd ; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates ; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir ? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber ; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. 500

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage ; I hold the olive in my hand : my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ? 510

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli.



L. A. C. R. E.

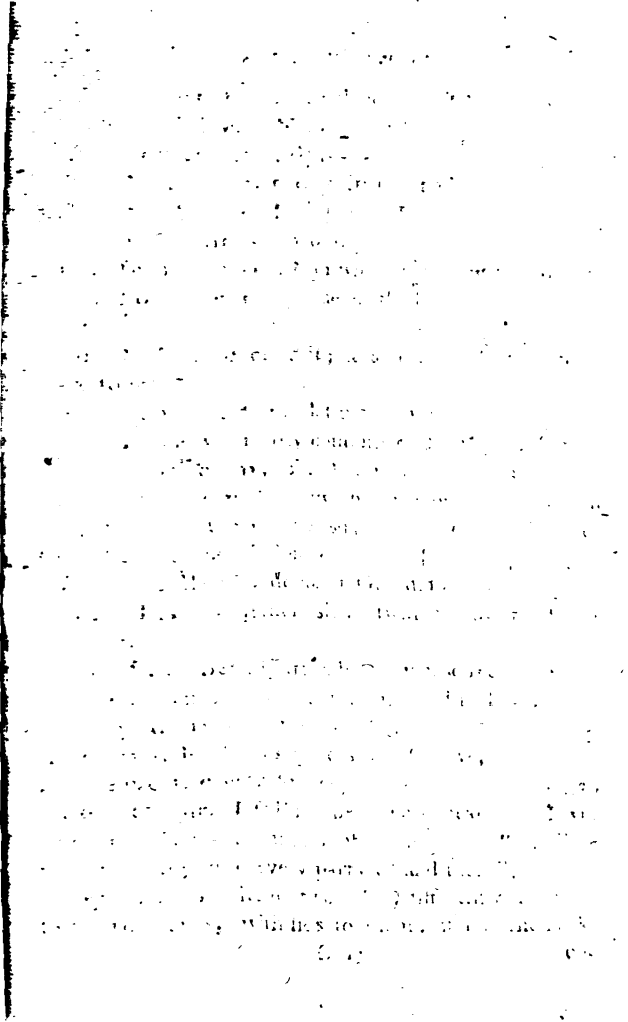


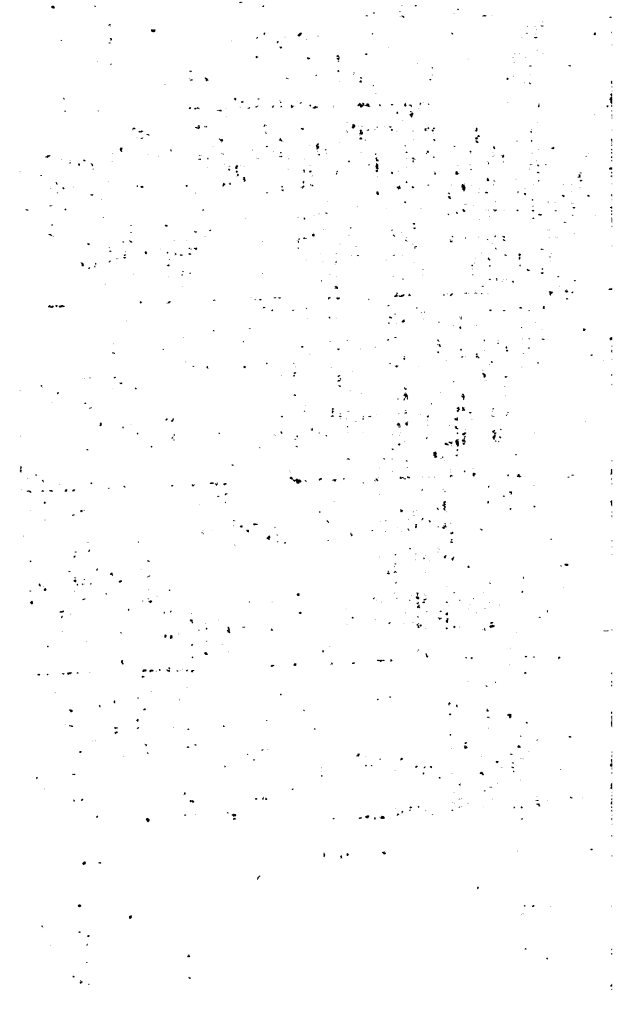
TWELFTH NIGHT.

*But we will draw the curtains, show you
the Picture, look you, 'tis such a one, I never*

Act I

J. A. C. R. E.





Oli. Give us the place alone : [*Exit MAR.*] we will hear this divinity. Now, sir, what is your text!

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

520

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.* 531

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

539

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck,

one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to
'praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty ! 551

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him ; 560
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ; 570
Haloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest

Between

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more; 580

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

My master, not myself, lacks recompence.

Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be

Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:— 590

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft!

soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—

What, ho, Malvolio:—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

600

Oli.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
 Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. 610
 Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
 What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that
 I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly
 over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
 distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your
 leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad
 recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
 bound. 9

Seb. No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
 mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excel-
 lent

lent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself : You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo ; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know, you have heard of : he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour ; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended ! but you, sir, alter'd that ; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

22

Ant. Alas, the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful ; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair ; she is drown'd, already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

31

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell
tales

tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court;
farewel. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter VIOLA, and MALVOLIO, at several Doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess
Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have
since arrived but hither. 51

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir ; you might
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your-
self. She adds moreover, that you should put your
lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him :
And one thing more ; that you be never so hardy to
come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your
lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it. 59

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and
her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth
stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his
that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her : What means this
lady ?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
 She made good view of me; indeed so much,
 That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger. 70
 None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man;—If it be so (as 'tis),
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easy is it, for the proper false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For, such as we are made, if such we be.
 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; 81
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S House. Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed
 after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo*
surgere,

surgere; thou know'st,—

91

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking. 100

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Cla. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Had'st it? 114

Cla. I did impeticoat thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when

when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is six-pence for you : let's have a song. 121

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?

O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low :

130

Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;*

Present mirth hath present laughter ;

What's to come, is still unsure :

In delay there lies no plenty ;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

140

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch. 151

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. 160

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing.* 169

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 179

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,——[Singing.

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 182

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 191

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

D ij

Mal.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

201

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

219

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in
my

my bed ; I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us ; tell us something of him. 231

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. 239

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser ; an affection'd ass, than cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths : the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated : I can write very like my lady, your niece ; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt

drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him. 260

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Pentheseilea. 272

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to-bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 280

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick :—Now, good morrow, friends :—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night : 290
Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house. 300

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.* [*Musick.*

Come hither, boy ; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :

310

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i'faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven ; Let still the woman
take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him, 320
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 330

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And

And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,

Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

340

Duke. Ay, pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 350
On my black coffin let there be strewn ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then. 360

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[*Exit.* 370

Duke. Let all the rest give place.— [Exit. Once more, *Cesario*,

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?— 380

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart.

So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention. 399

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much : make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we. 401

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a monument, 410

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?

We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not :—

Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say, 420
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

OLIVIA'S Garden. Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW,
and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here. 430

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue : Shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain :—How now, my nettle of India ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk ; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him.

him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

444

[*They hide themselves. MARIA throws down a Letter;*
[and Exit.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

450

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

460

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

E

Sir

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping. 471

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O, peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby :—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now. 479

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; curtsies there to me :

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then ? 490

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech ;—

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you. 500

Mal. One Sir Andrew;

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. 511

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows, I love.

But who? 520

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers alter'd!—*No man must know*;—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Eij *Mal.*

Mal. I may command, where I adore :

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

530

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first,
let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks
at it !

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may
command me ; I serve her, she is my lady. Why,
this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no
obstruction in this ;—And the end ;—What should
that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make
that resemble something in me,—Softly ;—*M. O.*
A. I.—

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that ; he is now at a cold
scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it
be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M.*,—*Malvolio* ;—*M.*,—why, that begins my
name.

550

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the
cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.*,—But then there is no consonancy in the
sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should fol-
low, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you. 562

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, The fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason*

excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit. 600

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

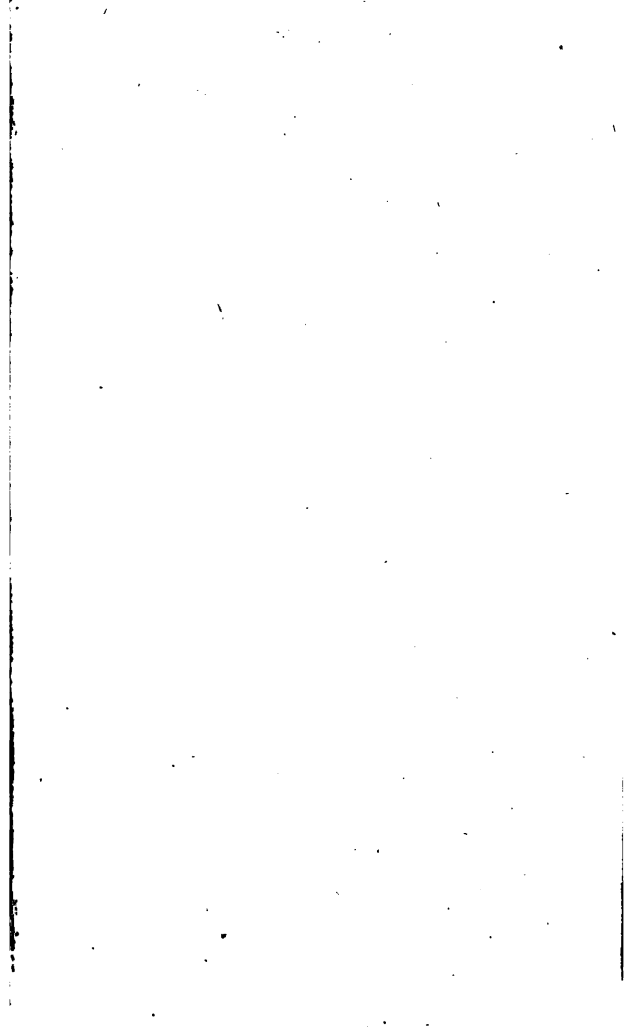
Sir And. Or o'mine either?

610

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that,



TWELFTH NIGHT.



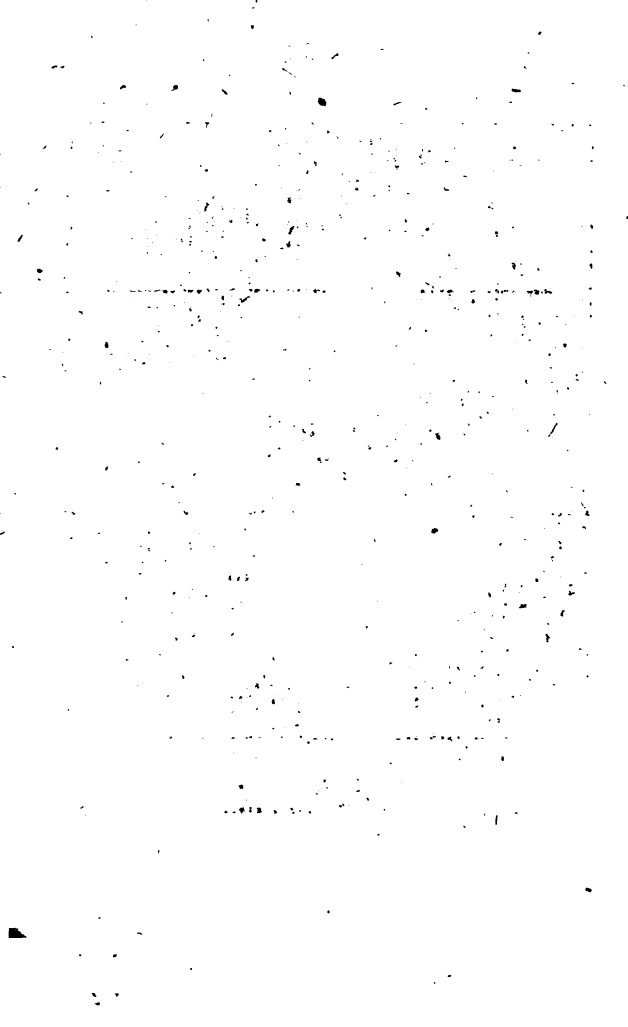
Burney del.

Thornton sculp.

MISS FARREN in OLIVIA.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Sep^r 10th 1785.





that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me. 626

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too,

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA'S Garden. Enter VIOLA, and Clown.

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio.

Vio. So, thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

11

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton,

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and rarest for nothing.

29

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings.

rings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's. 40

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within? 51

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
 As full of labour as a wise man's art :
 For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit ;
 But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

70

Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.—
 Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous
 you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is
 the list of my voyage.

80

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
 understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
 legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : But
 we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain
 odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours!
 well.

91

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your
 own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir TONY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name? 100

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:— 110

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment (you did hear),
A ring in chace of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: 120
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which

Which you knew none of yours : What might you think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving

Enough is shewn ; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love. 130

Vio. No, not a grice ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again :
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf ?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man : 140
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward ho :

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 151
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide. 160
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore. 170

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment in OLIVIA'S House. Enter Sir TOBY,
Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason; dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy; tell me that? 180

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off,

off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an isicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy. 200

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places ; my niece shall take note of it ; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. 210

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ; be curst and brief : it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention : taunt him with the licence of ink ; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England ; set 'em down, go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : About it. 221

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; some two thousand

thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. 234

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings. 244

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.

him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do,
he'll smile, and take't for a great favour. 254

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street. Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable; My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks, 270
And thanks, and ever: Oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

F i i j

Ant.

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

280

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying 290
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your know-
ledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse? 301

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA'S House. *Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.*

Oli. I have sent after him : He says, he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ? 310
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or bor-
row'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange
manner.

He is sure, possess, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come, 321
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.—I'm as mad as he.

Enter

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

333

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 340

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 349

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli.

Oli. Ha ?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,——

Oli. What say'st thou ?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee !

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings ;——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings ?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.

Oli. Cross-garter'd ?

Mal. Go to : thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ;——

Oli. Am I made ?

363

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd ; I could hardly entreat him back : he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby ? let some of my people have a special care of him ; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [Exit.

Mal. Oh, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ? This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she ;——*be opposite with a kinsman,*——*surly with servants,*——*let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,*——*put thyself into the trick of singularity ;*——and, consequently,

quently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her : but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to* : Fellow ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said ? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

894

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is : How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off ; I discard you ; let me enjoy my private ; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is't with you ? What man ! defy the devil : consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal.

Mal. Do you know what you say? 410

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him. 422

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier! 430

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit. 439

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab.

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen : But see, but see.

454

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it ; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy ?

Sir And. Ay, is't ? I warrant him : do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir TOBY reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

462

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir

Sir To. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for. 470

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him. 483

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a burn-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away. 493

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment

between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it), into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out: 513
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: 520
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which

Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee. 530

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't :
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight,
bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard
end : dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation,
for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure, no man hath
any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and
clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to
your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what
youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man
withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd ra-
pier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil
in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorc'd
three ; and his incensement at this moment is so im-
placable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs
of death and sepulchre : hob, nob, is his word ; give't,
or take't.

558

Vio.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. 569

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir TOBY.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can. 588

Vio.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt,*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy. 598

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside,*

Re-enter FABIAN, and VIOLA.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To FABIAN.*

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 609

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vow ; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't. [*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath ! 623

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword ; If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me ;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. Ohe, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 630

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you, [*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

To Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino. 641

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you; 650 Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you; 660 Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man, 670
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion. 680

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by;—
away.

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit ANTONIO with Officers.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That

That he believes himself; so do not I. 698

Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage
saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, 700
For him I imitate: Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears, in leav-
ing his friend here in necessity, and denying him;
and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword. 711

Sir And. An I do not,—— [Exit *Sir And.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter SEBASTIAN, and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me, 11

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment. 20

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 29

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding SEB.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on. 40

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit

Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
 Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
 Be not offended, dear Cesario!— 50

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
 [Exit Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
 In this uncivil and unjust extent
 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go;
 Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:— 61
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be
 rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

SCENE II.

An Apartment in OLIVIA's House. Enter MARIA, and
 Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
 beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the cu-
 rate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. 69
 [Exit MARIA.

Clow.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is? 82

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady. 90

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy; Say'st thou, that house is dark? 100

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as bar-cadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog. 110

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion? 120

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou

thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. 130

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit with MARIA.]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

140

Tell me how thy lady does.

[Singing]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

151

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Hij

Mal.

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 161

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not, I, sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,— 170

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 180

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I see his

his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,* [Singing.
 And anon, sir, 190
 I'll be with you again,
 In a trice,
 Like to the old vice,
 Your need to sustain;
 Who with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
 Like a mad lad,
 Pare thy nails, dad,
 Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit. 200

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S Garden. Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant;
 Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.

Hij

His

His counsel how might do me golden service :
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 210
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't 220
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean
well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note ;
What time we will our celebration keep 230
According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ;—And
heavens somshine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fabian.

Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well ; How dost thou, my good fellow ?

10

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo.

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes. 22

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel. 30

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. 42

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but,

but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and
I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd 50

As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war :

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable ;

With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy, and the tongue of loss,

Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter ?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,

That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy ;

And this is he, that did the Tyger board, 60

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :

Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,

Hast made thine enemies ? 70

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me ;

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

Though,

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
 That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love, without retention, or restraint, 80
 All his in dedication : for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town ;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger),
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink ; deny'd me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use 90
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven walks
 on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
 Three

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
 But more of that anon.—Take him aside. 100

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
 have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my
 lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
 As howling after musick. 110

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate, and unauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
 That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
 come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
 Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy, 120
 That sometimes savours nobly ? But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument,
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;

But

But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mis-
 chief: 130

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love ! 140

Oli. Ay me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you
 wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
 Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To *VIOLA*.

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband ; Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ? 150

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety :

Fear

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know, 160
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? 171
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW, with his Head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; and send one presently to Sir Toby. 180

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head across, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario? 190

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing: and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. 199

Enter Sir TOBY, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?
Sir

Sir To. That's all one ; he has hurt me, and there's an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure pavin :

I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him : Who hath made this havock with them ? 211

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave ; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull ?

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ; But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and 220
By that I do perceive it hath offended you ; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ? 230

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there : I never had a brother :

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—

Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [To VIOLA.

What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ; 241

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb :

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, 250

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 260
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.]

But nature to her bias drew in that. 270
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIO.
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul, 280
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me, 290
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a Letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do : h'as here
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day
morning ; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it. 300

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad !

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits,
is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and
give ear. 310

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it : though you have put me in-
to darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me,
yet*

yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which, I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-us'd MALVOLIO. 320

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you: and, for your service done
him,

130

So much against the metal of your sex, [*To VIOLA.*
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Malvolio?
Mal.

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. 140

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter :

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or, say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;

Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people: 350
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam; hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not, 370
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past. 380

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember, madam,—*Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd. 390

Duke. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When

When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls :—Mean time, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come ;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy, 400
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves, men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive, 410
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great

A great while ago the world begun,

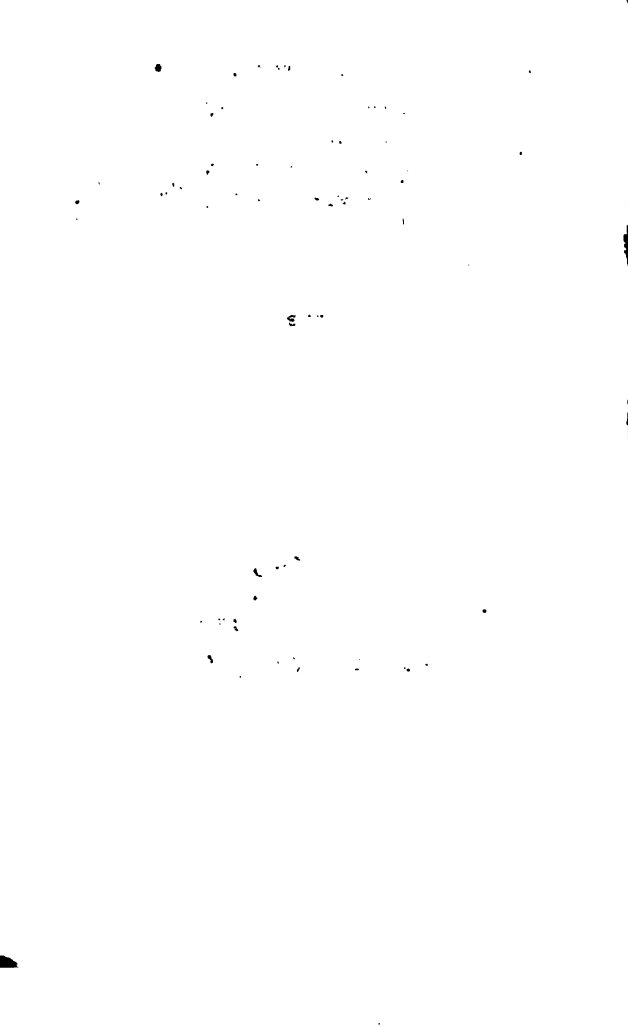
With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,

And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

THE END.





ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

TWELFTH NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES,

M DCC LXXXVII.

—



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

Line 4. *THAT* strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—] Among the

beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetness to it ; so the soft affecting musick, here described, though it takes away the natural, sweet tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to

A ij

another

another property of musick, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. WARBURTON.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, b. iv. has very successfully introduced the image :

“ ——— now gentle gales,

“ Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

“ Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole

“ Those balmy spoils.” STEEVENS.

6. ——— *That breathes upon a bank of violets* ———] Here Shakspeare makes the south steal odour from the violet. In his 99th *Sonnet* the violet is made the thief :

“ The forward violet thus did I chide :

“ Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,

“ If not from my love’s breath?” MALONE.

——— *the sweet south*,] The old copy reads ——— sweet *sound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *south*. STEEVENS.

12. *Of what validity and pitch soever*,] *Validity* is here used for *value*. MALONE.

14. ——— *so full of shapes is fancy*,
That it alone is high-fantastical.] *High fantastical*, means *fantastical to the height*.

So, in *All’s Well that ends Well* :

“ My high-repeated blames

“ Dear sovereign, pardon me.” STEEVENS.

22. *That instant was I turn’d into a hart* ;] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which

which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Aëteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing: an interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

JOHNSON.

Thus, S. Daniel, *Sonnet V.* edit. 1693 :

- “ Whilst youth and error led my wandring mind,
- “ And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range ;
- “ All unawares, a Goddess chaste I finde,
- “ (Diana like) to work my sudden change.
- “ For her no sooner had mine eyes bewray’d,
- “ But with disdainne to see me in that place,
- “ With fairest hand, the sweet unkindest maid
- “ Cast water-cold disdaine upon my face ;
- “ Which turn’d my sport into a hart’s despaire,
- “ That still is chac’d, while I have any breath,
- “ By my own thoughts, set on me by my faire :
- “ My thoughts (like hounds) pursue me to my death.
- “ Those that I fostered of mine own accord,
- “ Are made by her to murder thus their lord.”

ANONYMOUS, of Christ Church, Oxford.

27. *The element itself, till seven years hence,*] This is the reading of some modern editor. All the old copies read :

The element itself, till seven years *heat*——.

Might not our author have used *heat* for *heated*? The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, &c.

So, in *King John* :

“ The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot——.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——And this report

“ Hath so exasperate the king——.” MALONE.

34. *O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else.*

That live in her !——] Dr. Hurd observes, that *Simo*, in the *Adrian* of *Terence*, reasons on his son's concern for *Chrysis* in the same manner :

“ Nonnunquam conlacrymabat : placuit tum id mihi,

“ Sic cogitabam : hic parvæ consuetudinis

“ Causa hujus mortem tam fert familiariter :

“ Quid si ipse amâset ? quid mihi hic faciet patri ?”

——*the flock of all affections*——

So, in *Sidney's Arcadia* : “——has the *flock* of unspeakable virtues.”

STEEVENS.

39. *These sovereign thrones,*——] We should read—three *sovereign thrones*. This is exactly in the manner

manner of Shakspeare. So, afterwards, in this play,
*Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, do
 give thee five-fold blazon.* WARBURTON.

40. *Her sweet perfections*——] We should read, and
 point it thus: (*O sweet perfection!*) WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this new pointing, as the
 poet does not appear to have meant exclamation.
Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the
 residence of *passions, judgment, and sentiments*. These
 are what Shakspeare calls, *her sweet perfections*. STEEVENS.

(*Her sweet perfections*) with *one self-same king!*] The
 original and authentick copy reads——with *one self king*.
Same was added unnecessarily by the editor of the
 second folio, who, in many instances, appears to have
 been equally ignorant of our author's language and
 metre. The verse is not defective; *perfections* being
 used as a quadrisyllable. So in a subsequent scene:

“*Methinks I feel this youth's perfections.*”

Self king is *king o'er herself*; one who reigns absolute
 in her bosom. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have *self-*
sovereignty. MALONE.

43. *Enter Viola.*——] *Viola* is the name of a lady
 in the fifth book of *Gower de Confessione Amantis*.

STEEVENS.

52. ——and that *poor number sav'd with you*,] We
 should rather read——*this* poor number. The old
 copy has *those*. The sailors who were saved enter
 with the captain.

85. *And might not be deliver'd, &c.*] I wish I
 might not be *made publick* to the world, with regard to
 the

the *state* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation : she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast : hears that the prince is a batchelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

99. ———*I'll serve this duke ;*] Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss ; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke. JOHNSON.

103. *That will allow me——*] To *allow* is to *approve*. See note on *King Lear*, act II. sc. iv.

STEEVENS.

110. ———*care's an enemy to life.*] Alluding to the old proverb, *Care will kill a cat*. STEEVENS.

128. ———*as tall a man——*] *Tall* means *stout, courageous*. So in *Wily Beguiled* :

“ Ay, and he is a *tall fellow*, and a man of his hands too.”

Again :

“ If he do not prove himself *as tall* a man as he.”

STEEVENS.

133. ———*viol-de-gambo,——*] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation :

“ Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,

“ For *'twixt her* *s* she holds her instrument.”

COLLINS.

So,

So in the induction to the *Mat-content*, 1506 :

“ ——— come sit *between my legs* here.

“ No indeed, cousin, the audience will then take me for a *viol-de-gambo*, and think that you play upon me.”

In the old dramatick writers, frequent mention is made of a *case of viols*, consisting of the *viol-de-gambo*, the tenor and the treble.

See Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 32, n. 338, wherein is a description of a *case*, more properly termed a *chest of viols*. STEEVENS.

148. ——— a *coystril* ———] i. e. a coward cock. It may however be a *kestrill*, or a bastard hawk ; a kind of stone hawk. So in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ ——— as dear

“ As ever *coystril* bought so little sport.”

STEEVENS.

A *coystril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, vol. I. p. 162. “ *Costerels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights.” Vol. III. p. 248. “ So that a knight with his esquire and *coystril* with his two horses.” P. 272, “ women, lackies, and *coisterels*, are considered as the warlike attendants on an army.” So again, in p. 127, and 217 of his *Hist. of Scotland*. For its etymology, see *Constille* and *Constillier* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

1450. ——— like a parish-top. ———] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather,

weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.

STEEVENS.

"To sleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise.

BLACKSTONE.

150. — [*Castiliano volgo* ;—] We should read *volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance ; that is, your grave, solemn looks. The Oxford editor has taken my emendation : But, by *Castilian countenance*, he supposes it meant most civil and courtly looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness.

WARBURTON.

Castiliano volgo ;] I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any particular propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jolity or contempt. *The host*, in the *M. W. of Windsor*, calls Caius a *Castilian king* *Urinal* ; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters says : " Ha ! my *Castilian* dialogues !" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakspeare :

" And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too."

So again, in *Marlow's Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

" Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man."

Again, in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590 :

" Three

"Three Cavalieros *Castilianos* here," &c.

Cotgrave, however, informs us, that *Castille* not only signifies the noblest part of Spain, but *contention, debate, brabbling, altercation*. *Ils s'ont en Castille. There is a jarre betwixt them; and prendre la Castille pour autrui: To undertake another man's quarrel.*

Mr. Malone observes, that *Castilian* seems likewise to have been a cant term for a finical affected courtier. So, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

"———The absolute *Castilio*,

"He that can all the points of courtship shew."

Again:

"When some s'lie golden-slop'd *Castilio*

"Can cut a manor's strings at *Primero*."

These passages, and others from the same writer, Mr. Malone supposes to confirm Dr. Warburton's emendation, and Sir T. Hanmer's comment. Marston, however, seems to allude to the famous Balthasar *Castiglioni*, whose most celebrated work was *Il Cortigiano*, or *The Courtier*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has not attempted to explain *volgo*, nor perhaps can the proper explanation be given, unless some incidental application of it may be found in connexion with *Castiliano*, where the context defines its meaning. Sir Toby here, having just declared that he would persist in drinking the health of his niece, as long as there was a *passage in his throat* and drink in Illyria, at the sight of Sir Andrew, demands of Maria, with a banter, *Castiliano volgo*. What this was, may be

be probably inferred from a speech in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, 4to. 1610: "—Away, firke, scowre thy throat, thou shalt wash it with *Castilian licuor*." HENLEY.

157. *Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.*] To *accost* had a signification in our author's time that the word now seems to have lost. In the second part of *The English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader, "who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in verb. *accoster*.

MALONE.

164. *Accost, is, front her, board her, —*] I hinted that *board* was the better reading. Mr. Steevens supposed it should then be *bourd with* her; but to the authorities which I have quoted for that reading in Jonson, *Catiline*, æt I. sc. iv. we may add the following:

"I'll *bourd* him straight; how now Cornelio?"

All Fools, æt v. sc. i.

"He brings in a parasite, that flowteth, and *bourdeth* them thus." *Nash's Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

"I can *board* when I see occasion."

'Tis pity She's a Whore, p. 38. WHALLEY.

I am still unconvinced that *board* (the naval term) is not the proper reading. It is sufficiently familiar to our author in other places. So in the *Merry Wives*, æt ii. sc. i.

"—unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have *boarded* me in this fury.

"Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck," &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Probably *board her*, may mean no more than *salute her*, *speak to her*, &c. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his *Treatise of Bodics*, 1643, fo. Paris, p. 253, speaking of a blind man says, "He would at the first *abord* of a stranger as soone as he spoke to him, frame a right apprehension of his stature, bulke, and manner of making." REED.

181. *It's dry, sir.*] What is the jest of *dry hand*, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution.

JOHNSON.

"But to say you had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew); a *dry hand*, which is the sign of a bad liver, as he said you were, being toward a husband too, this was intolerable."

Monsieur, D'Olive, 1606.

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "Of all *dry-fisted* knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me."

Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1606: "—Let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shall not be much troubled by him. My husband has a *hand* as *dry* as his brains," &c. The Chief Justice likewise, in the second part of *K. Hen. IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristics of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and*

B

Cleopatra,

Cleopatra, Charmian says: "——if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear." All these passages will serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's latter supposition. STEEVENS.

206. In former copies:——*thou seest, it will not cool my nature.*] The emendation by Theobald.

STEEVENS.

226. ——and yet I will not compare with an old man.] *Ague-check*, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff:——"*I am old in nothing but my understanding.*"

STEEVENS.

235. ——*mistress Mall's picture?*——] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered——"A Book called the *Madde Prancks of Merry Mall* of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." *Middleton* and *Decker* wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds them."

The

The title of the piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or, Moll Cut-purse*; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. *Nath. Field*, in his *Amends for Ladies*, another comedy, 1618, gives the following character of her :

- “ —Hence lewd impudent,
 “ I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
 “ For nature, shaming to acknowledge thee
 “ For either, hath produced thee to the world
 “ Without a sex: Some say that thou art woman;
 “ Others, a man: to many thou art both
 “ Woman and man; but I think rather neither;
 “ Or man, or horse, as Centaur old was feign'd.”

A life of this woman was likewise published, 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle before her. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the curtain which *Sir Toby* mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristic.

STEEVENS.

It appears from many passages in the old English plays, that, in our author's time, curtains were hung before all pictures of any value. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612 :

- “ I yet but draw the curtain—now to your picture.”

In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carlton, dated Feb. 2, 1611-12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: "This last Sunday *Moll Cutpurse*, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place [Paul's Cross], where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe, of Brazen Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him."

MALONE.

238. ——— *a sink a-pace*, ———] i. e. *a cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

243. ——— *flame-coloured stock*. ———] The old copy reads ——— *a dam'd colour'd stock*. Stockings were in Shakspeare's time, called *stocks*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"——— or would my silk *stock* should lose his gloss else."

The same solicitude concerning the furniture of the legs

legs makes part of master Stephen's character in *Every Man in his Humour* :

“ I think my leg would show well in a silk hose.”

STEEVENS.

Taurus ?*that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON,

285. ————*a woman's part.*] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. JOHNSON.

293. ————*a barrfull strife!*] *i. e.* a contest full of impediments. STEEVENS.

300. ————*fear no colours.*] This expression frequently occurs in the old plays. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*. The persons conversing are Sejanus, and Eudemus the physician to the princess Livia :

“ *Sej.* You minister to a royal lady then ?

“ *Eud.* She is, my lord and fair.

“ *Sej.* That's understood.

“ Of all their sex, who are or would be so ;

“ And those that would be, physick soon can make e'm :

“ For those that are, their beauties *fear no colours.*”

Again, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

“ ————are you disposed, Sir ?———

“ Yes indeed: I *fear no colours* ; change sides,
Richard.”

STEEVENS.

303. — *lenten answer* :] A *lenten* answer, means a short and spare one, like the commons in *Lent*. So, in *Hamlet*: “—what *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive from you.” STEEVENS.

313. Marry, a good hanging, &c.] The first and authentick copy reads—*Many* a good hanging, &c. There is clearly no need of change. *Marry* is an innovation introduced by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

315. —and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.] This seems to be a pun from the nearness in the pronunciation of *turning away*, and *turning of whey*.

I found this observation among some papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the perusal of which I am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of *Medea* and *Leonidas*, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the rest of the world.

I am yet of opinion that this note, however specious, is wrong, the literal meaning being easy and apposite. *For turning away, let summer bear it out*. It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is, *if I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support, all the inconveniencies of dismissal; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge*.

STEEVENS.

330. — *Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit*.—]

Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas

Thomas Moore, says, "that he knows not whether to call him *a foolish wise man*, or *a wise foolish man*."

JOHNSON.

336. ——— *Madonna*, ———] Ital. mistress, dame.
So, *La Madonna*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin*.
STEEVENS.

392. *Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools !*] *May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools.*
JOHNSON.

427. ——— *above heat* ———] i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree.
STEEVENS.

443. ——— *stand at your door like a sheriff's post*, ———]
It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So, Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* :

" ——— put off

" To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *Shrives posts*."

So, again, in the old play called *Lingua* :

" Knows he how to become a scarlet gown, hath he a pair of fresh *posts* at his door ?"

WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that "by this *post* is meant a post to mount his horse from, a horse-block, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door."

In

In the *Contention for Honour and Riches*, a masque by Shirley, 1633, one of the competitors swears

“ By the *Shrive's post*,” &c.

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, Com. by Rowley, 1632 :

“ If e'er I live to see thee *sheriff* of London,

“ I'll gild thy painted *posts* cum privilegio.”

STEEVENS.

470. — *I am very comptible*. —] She begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension.

STEEVENS.

496. — *skipping* —] Wild, frolick, mad.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV. Part I.*

“ The *skipping* king, he ambled up and down,”
&c.

STEEVENS.

498. — *I am to hull here* —] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634 :

“ That all these mischiefs *hull* with flagging sail.”

STEEVENS.

499. — *some mollification for your giant*, —] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called, on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c.

STEEVENS.

530. ————*Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present : is't not well done?*] She says, *I was* this present, instead of saying *I am* ; because she has once shewn herself, and personates the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation. STEEVENS.

535. *'Tis beauty truly blent,*——] *i. e.* blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the antient participle of the verb to *blend*. So, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, 1617 :

“ ————the beautiful encrease

“ Is wholly *blent*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, b. i. c. 6.

“ ————for having *blent*

“ My name with guile, and traiterous intent.”

STEEVENS.

531. *If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.*] How much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakspeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaster* :

“ I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth

“ Without an heir.”

Shakspeare has copied himself in his 11th sonnet :

“ She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant
thereby,

“ Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy
die.”

Again, in the 3d Sonnet :

“ Die single, and thine image dies with thee.”

STEEVENS.

Again,

Again, in his 9th Sonnet :

“ Ah ! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
 “ The world will hale thee like a makeless wife;
 “ The world will be thy widow, and still weep
 “ *That thou no form of thee hast left behind.*”

Again, in the 13th Sonnet :

“ O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
 “ No longer yours than you yourself here live :
 “ Against this coming end you should prepare,
 “ *And your sweet semblance to some other give.*”

MALONE.

553. —[with *fertile tears*,] *With*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Pope to supply the metre. I am not sure that it is necessary. Our author might have used *tears* as a dissyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, *sire*, &c.

With adoration's fertil tears, i. e. with the copious tears that unbounded and adoring love pours forth.

MALONE.

554. *With groans that thunder love with sighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzar*; and, if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598 :

“ Jove thunder'd out a sigh ;”

or, on another, in *Lodge's Rosalynde*, 1592 :

“ The winds of my deepe sighs
 “ *That thunder still for noughts,*” &c.

STEEVENS.

569. *Write loyal cantos of contemned love,*] The old copy has *cantons*.—*Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. So, in the *London Prodigal*, a Comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canto*." MALONE.

571. *Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,*] Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakspeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *actively*.—Ben Jonson, in one of his masques at court, says,

"——which skill, Pythagoras

"First taught to men by a *reverberate* glass."

STEEVENS.

610. *Mine eye, &c.*] I believe the meaning is; I am not mistress of my own actions, I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth, without my consent, with discoveries of love. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 14.—*To express myself:—*] i. e. to reveal myself. JOHNSON.

17. —*Messaline,*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read—*Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakspeare knew very little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety.

nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of this play :

“ Of *Messaline* ; Sebastian was my father.”

STEEVENS.

26. ———with such estimable wonder,——] Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. JOHNSON.

Thus Milton uses *unexpressive* notes for *unexpressible*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

59. *She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.*] Surely here is an evident corruption. We should read, without doubt,

She took *no* ring of me ;——I'll none of it.
So afterwards,

“ I left *no* ring with her.”

Viola expressly denies having given *Olivia* any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do in the old copy, that the lady had received one from her ?

This passage, as it stands at present (as an ingenious friend observes to me), might be rendered less exceptionable, by a different punctuation :

She took the ring of me !—I'll none of it.

I am, however, still of opinion that the text is corrupt, and ought to be corrected as above. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would, I think, have written,

She took *a* ring of me !—I'll none of it..

MALONE.

67. *That, sure,——*] *Sure*, which is wanting in the first folio. was supplied by the second.

——*her eyes had lost her tongue,*] We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So *Olivia's* tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger.

JOHNSON.

75. *——the pregnant enemy——*] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind.

JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!”

STEEVENS.

76. *How easy is it, for the proper false*

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!] This is obscure. The meaning is, *how easy is disguise to women*; how easily does *their own falsehood*, contained in their *waxen changeable hearts*, enable them to assume deceitful appearances! The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus:

For such as we are made, if such we be,

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this explanation is just. *Viola* has been condemning them who disguise themselves, because *Olivia* had fallen in love with the spacious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *false* (i. e. deceitful), to make an impression on the hearts of women?—The *proper false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *false deceiver*, but seems to

mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*:

“ This Ludovico is a *proper man*.” *Othello*.

The *proper false* may be yet explained another way. Shakspeare sometimes uses *proper* for *peculiar*. So, in *Othello*:

“ In my defunct and *proper* satisfaction.”

The *proper false* will then mean those who are *peculiarly false*, through premeditation and art. To *set their forms*, means, to plant their images, *i. e.* to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in the first supposition, and adds—
“ instead of transposing these lines according to Dr. Johnson’s conjecture, I am rather inclined to read the latter thus:

“ For such as we are made of, such we be.”

So, in the *Tempest*:

“ ———we are such stuff

“ As dreams are *made of*.”

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt’s conjecture is right. *Of* and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus, in the first folio, p. 173. [*Merchant of Venice*.]

“ But *of* mine, then yours”——

instead of——“ *if* mine.”

Again, in the folio, 1632, *K. John*, p. 6.

“ Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you.”

instead of——“ *of* you.”

MALONE.

78. ———our *frailty*——] The old copy reads——
O frailty.

STEEVENS.

80.

80. *How will this fadge ?*] To *fadge*, is to *suit*, to *fit*.
So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600 :

" I shall never *fadge* with the humour, because
I cannot lie."

80, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594 :

" I'll have thy advice, and if it *fadge*, thou shalt
eat.—

" But how will it *fadge* in the end ?——

" All this *fadges* well.——

" We are about a matter of legerdemain, how
will this *fadge* ?

" ——in good time it *fadges*." STEEVENS.

99. ——*I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.*] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time,
which supposed health to consist in the just tempera-
ment and balance of these elements in the human
frame. WARBURTON.

102. ——*a stoop*——] In a Catalogue of the Rarities
in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden, printed there in 4to.
1701, is " The bladder of a man containing four *stoop*
" (which is something above two English gallons) of
" water." REED.

104. ——*Did you never see the picture of we three ?*] An allusion to an old print, sometimes pasted on the
wall of a country ale-house, representing two, but
under which the spectator reads,

" We three are asses." HENLEY.

107. *By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.*——] *Breast*, *voice*. *Breath*, has been here proposed : but
many instances may be brought to justify the old

reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stock-college, founded by archbishop Parker; 1535, *Strype's Parker*, p. 9. "Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed," &c. *i. e.* after their voices are broken. In Fiddes' *Life of Wolsey*, Append. p. 128. "Singingmen well-*breasted*." In Tusser's *Husbandrie*, p. 155. edit. P. Short :

"The better *brest*, the lesser rest,

"To serve the *queer* now there now *heere*."

Tusser in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford castle: and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was successively removed to various choirs.

WARTON.

Ben Jonson uses the *breast* in the same manner, in his *Masques of Gypsies*, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called the 4 *P's*, written by J. Heywood, 1569, is this passage;

"*Poticary*. I pray you, tell me, can you sing?

"*Pedler*. Sir, I have some sight in singing.

"*Poticary*. But is your *breast* any thing sweet?

"*Pedler*. Whatever my *breast* is, my *voicce* is meet."

I suppose this cant term to have been current among the musicians of the age. All professions have in some degree their jargon; and the remoter they are from liberal science, and the less consequential to the general interests of life, the more they strive to hide themselves behind affected terms and barbarous phraseology.

STEEVENS.

118. ——— I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; hadst it?] *Leman*, i. e. I send thee sixpence to spend on thy mistress.

THEOBALD.

Leman is frequently used by the ancient writers, and Spenser in particular. So again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1643:

“ Fright him as he’s embracing his new *leman*. ”

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress. He says he did *impetticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (says he) *Malvolio’s nose is no whipstock*, i. e. *Malvolio* may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. *My mistress has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses*, i. e. my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech, *A whipstock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. So, in *Albumazar*, 1616:

“ ————out, Carter.

“ Hence dirty *whipstock*——— ”

Again, in the *Two Angry women of Abingdon*, 1599:

“ ————the coach-man sit!

“ His duty is before you to stand,

“ Having a lusty *whipstock* in his hand. ”

The word occurs again in the *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“ Bought you a whistle and a *whipstock* too? ”

STEEVENS.

124. ———of good life &c.] I do not suppose that by a song of *good life*, the *Clown* means a song of a *moral turn*; though *Sir Andrew* answers to it in that signification: *Good life*, I believe, is *harmless mirth and jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*.
STEEVENS.

139. *In delay there lies no plenty*;] No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hours, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *K. Richard III.* act. iv. scene iii.

“*Delay leads impotent and snail-pac’d beggary.*”
Again, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I.

“*Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.*”
Again, in a Scotch proverb;

“*After a delay comes a let.*”

See Kelly’s Collection, p. 52.

STEEVENS.

140. *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty*,] This line is obscure; we might read:

Come, a kiss then, sweet and twenty.

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right; for in some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. JOHNSON.

So, in *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

“*Sweet and twenty*: all sweet and sweet.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley’s *When you see me you know Me*, 1632:

“*God ye good night and twenty, sir.*”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“*Good even and twenty.*”

MALONE.

146. ~~—make the welkin dance—~~] i. e. drink till the sky seems to turn round. JOHNSON.

Thus, Mr. Pope :

“ Ridotto sips and dances, till she see

“ The doubling lustres dance as fast as she.”

STEEVENS.

148. ~~—draw three souls out of one weaver?—~~]

Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing* : “ Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep’s-guts should hale souls out of men’s bodies ? ” — Why, he says, three souls, is because he is speaking of a catch of three parts. And the peripatetick philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The vegetative or plastick, the animal and the rational. To this too, Jonson alludes in his *Poetaster* : “ What will I turn shark upon my friends ? or my friends’ friends ? I scorn it with my three souls.” By the mention of these three, therefore, we may suppose it was Shakspeare’s purpose, to hint to us those surprizing effects of musick, which the ancients speak of. When they tell us of Amphion, who moved stones and trees ; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed savage beasts ; and Timotheus who governed, as he pleased, the passions of his human auditors. So noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

In a popular book of the time, Carew’s translation
of

of Huarte's *Trial of Wits*, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, "*vegetative, sensitive, and reasonable.*"

FARMER.

160. *They sing & catch.*] This catch is lost.

JOHNSON.

A *catch* is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons; and is so contrived, that tho' each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows; yet, by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called *Canzons in the unison*; and as properly, *Catches*, when the words in the different parts are made to *catch*, or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honest lives*, in which immediately after one person has uttered these words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the course of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes with the words, "The Devil."

The *catch* above-mentioned to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn; and for this the clown does not mean to apologize to the knight, when he says, that he shall be constrained to called him *knave*. I have here subjoined the very catch, with the musical notes to which it was sung in the time of Shakspeare, and at the original performance of this comedy.

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace and I pree thee hold thy peace

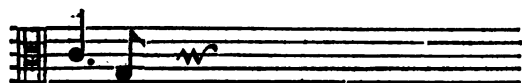
?



3d

2d

Thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace thou knave.



The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entituled "*PAMMELIA, Musick, Miscellanie, or mixed varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful catches of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one.*" Of this book there are at least two editions, the second printed in 1618. In 1609 a second part of this book was published with the title of *DEUTROME-LIA*, and in this book is contained the catch above given.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

164. ————*a Cataian*,——] It is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. I have attempted already to explain it in a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. I find it used again in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. Davenant, 1649 :

“ Hang him, bold *Cataian*.” STEEVENS.

165.—*Peg-a-Ramsey*,——] I do not understand. *Tilly vally* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

——“ Of her also he meant it when in his bookes of comfort—in Tribulation he telleth of one who would rate her husband, because he had no mind to set himself forward in the world, saying unto him, *Tillie vallie, Tillie vallie* : will you sit and make goslings in the ashes ; my mother hath often say'd unto me, it is better to rule than to be ruled. Now in truth, answered Sir Thomas, that is truly said, good wife ; for I never yet found you willing to be ruled.”—

Life of Sir Thomas More, by T. M.

HENLEY.

In Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsay*. See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Tilly valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle* ; and is likewise a character in a comedy intituled *Lady Alimony*.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsay* among several other ballads, viz. *Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the flowers*

ers of the Broom, Pepper is black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramsie. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the musick of a song of that name. STEEVENS.

Peg-a-Ramsey] Or *Peggy Ramsey*, is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Ramsey.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

365. *Three merry men we be.*] Is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607; and by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“ Three merry men

“ And three merry men

“ And *three merry men be we.*”

Again,

Again, in *The Bloody Brother*, of the same authors :

- “ Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
 “ And three merry boys are we,
 “ As ever did sing, three parts in a string,
 “ All under the triple tree.”

Again in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

- “ And three merry men, and three merry men,
 “ And three merry men be we a.” STEEVENS.

—three merry men we be.] This is a conclusion common to many old songs. One of the most humorous that I can recollect is the following :

- “ The wise men were but seven, nor more shall
 be for me ;
 “ The muses were but nine, the worthies three
 times three ;
 “ And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes,
 and three merry boyes are wee.
 “ The vertues they were seven, and three the
 greater bee ;
 “ The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatall
 sisters three,
 “ And three merry girles, and three merry girles,
 and three merry girles are wee.”

There are alehouses in some of the villages in this kingdom, that have the sign of the *Three Merry Boys* : there was one at Highgate in my memory.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

—three merry men be we.] May, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*, *Old Ballads*, vol. I. p. 89.

" Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,

" *Wick a key, &c.*

" And danced about the oak-tree ;

" For three merry men, and three merry men,

" *And three merry men we be.*" TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may be the original. *Antiche*, one of the characters, says, " —let us rehearse the old proverb,

" Three merrie men, and three merrie men

" And three merrie men be wee :

" I in the wood and thou on the the ground,

" And Jack sleepes in the tree." STEEVENS.

See " An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches," quarto 1661, p. 69. REED.

168. *Tilley valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*] Malvolio's use of the word *lady*, brings the ballad to Sir Toby's remembrance: *Lady, lady, is'the burthen*, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 204. Just the same may be said where Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act. ii. sc. iv.

FARMER.

I found what I once supposed to be a part of this song, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy, by William Rowley, 1639 :

" There was a nobleman of Spain, lady, lady,

" That went abroad and came not again

" *To his poor lady.*

" *Oh, cruel age, when one brother, lady, lady,*

" *Shall scorn to look upon another*

" *Of his poor lady.*"

STEEVENS.

168. —*There dwelt a man in Babylon—Lady, lady!*] This song, or at least, one with the same burthen, is alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, vol. iv. p. 449.

" *Com. As true it is, lady, lady, i'the song.*"

TYRWHITT.

The oldest song that I have seen with this burthen is in the old Morality, intituled, *The Trial of Treasure*, quarto, 1567.

MALONE.

180. —*coziers—*] A *cozier* is a taylor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, French.

JOHNSON.

The word is used by Hall in his *Virgidemiarum*, lib. iv. sat. 2.

" *Himself goes patch'd like some bare Cotyer,*

" *Lest he might ought his future stock impair.*"

STEEVENS.

Ye squeak out your coziers catches.] Mr. Steevens retains Dr. Johnson's interpretation, which, I apprehend, is not the proper one. Minshew tells us, that *cozier* is a cobbler or sowter; and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobbler uses in mending shoes, we call a *codger's* end. If Mr. Steevens will take the trouble to read over again the passage he adduces from Hall, he will find *cottyer* is neither a taylor, nor a cobbler, but the law English of the law Latin *Cotarius*, a cottager.

WHALLEY.

A *cozier's*

A *cozier's end* is still used in Devonshire for a cobbler's end. HENLEY.

184. — *Sneck up* !] The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a *hiccup*. It is however used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion :

—“ let thy father go *sneck up*, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives.” Again, in the same play :

—“ Give him his money, George, and let him go *sneck up*.”

Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631 :

“ She shall not rise : go let your master *snick up*.”

Again, in *Blurt, Master Constable*, 1602 :

“ I have been believed of your betters, marry *snick up*.”

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :

“ —if they be not, let them go *snick up*.”

Perhaps, in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In *Hen. IV.* p. I. Falstaff says : “ The Prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*.” i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read *sneak-cup*, at least in Sir Toby's reply to Malvolio, I should not however omit to mention, that *sneck the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

192. *Farewell, dear heart, &c.*] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in

D if

the

the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

TEEVENS.

205. ——— *Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale ?*] It was the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan*. See Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Busy*, act i. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

LEATHERLAND.

209. ——— *rub your chain with crumbs :—*] That stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Dost thou think I shall become the *steward's* chair ? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a *chain* ?——”

Again :

“ *Pia*. Is your *chain* right ?

“ *Bob*. It is both right and just, Sir ;

“ For though I am a *steward*, I did gei it

“ With no man's wrong.”

The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crumbs. Nash in his piece intituled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with “ *having stolen a nobleman's steward's chain, at his lord's installing at Windsor.*”

To conclude with the most apposite instance of all, See Webster's *Dutches of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ Yes,

“ Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him,

“ To scower his gold chain.” STEEVENS.

213. —[*rule*,—] *Rule*, occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,

“ And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such *rule*

“ In any place but here, at bon-fire or at Yeule.”

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

“ What guests we harbour, and what *rule* we keep.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tate of a Tub*:

“ And set him in the stocks for his ill *rule*.”

In this last instance it signifies *behaviour*.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Misrule*. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: “ I have some cousins german at court shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels, or else be lord of his *Misrule* now at Christmas.” So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: “ We are fully bent to be lords of *Misrule* in the world's wild heath.” In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected.

STEEVENS.

227. —[*a nayword*,—] A *mayword* is what

has been since called a *bye-word*, a kind of proverbial reproach.

STEEVENS.

230. Possess us,——] That is, inform us, tell us, make us masters of the matter.

JOHNSON.

241. ———an affection'd ass,——] *affection'd* means *affected*. In this sense, I believe, it is used in *Hamlet*——“no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*.” i. e. *affectation*.

STEEVENS.

263. Sir And. And your horse now, &c.] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for Sir Andrew. It should be given, I believe, to Sir Toby; as well as the next short speech: *O, 'twill be admirable*. Sir Andrew does not usually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person.

TYRWHITT.

272. ———*Penthesilea*,] i. e. amazon.

STEEVENS.

282. ———call me Cut.] So, in a *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: “If I help you not to that as cheap as any man in England, call me *Cut*.” This contemptuous distinction is likewise preserved in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“He will maintain you like a gentlewoman——”

“Aye, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.”

Again, in the *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

“I'll meet you there; if I do not, call me *Cut*.”

This expression likewise occurs several times in Heywoods *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, Second Part.

STEEVENS.

292. ———*recollected*——] Studied.

WARBURTON.

I rather

I rather think, that *recollected* signifies; more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. JOHNSON.

314. ————*favour*.] The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.

324. ————*lost and worn*,] Though *lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*; yet *lost and won* being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir T. Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

336. ————*free*——] Is, perhaps, *vacant*, *unengaged*, *easy in mind*. JOHNSON.

I rather think that *free* means here—not having yet surrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried.

MALONE.

Is not *free*, unreserved, uncontrolled by the restraints of female delicacy, forward, such as sing *plain* songs? HENLEY.

———*silly sooth*,] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON.

And dallies with the innocence of love,] To *dally* is to play harmlessly. So, act iii.

“They that *dally* nicely with words.”

Again, in *Swetnam Arraig'd*, 1620:

“———he void of fear

“*Dallied* with danger——”

Again, in Sir W. Devenant's *Albovine*, 1629: “Why dost thou *dally* thus with feeble motion?”

STEEVENS.

339. —old age.] The *old age* is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity. JOHNSON.

344. Fly away, fly away, —] The old copy reads —*he*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

348. *My part of death no one so true*
Did share it.] Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I. JOHNSON.

356. *Sad true love never find my grave,*] The old copy has *lover*. I would therefore read —

Sad true-lover ne'er find my grave. MALONE.

366. —a very opal! —] A precious stone of almost all colours. POPE.

So Milton, describing the walls of heaven :

“With *opal* tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd.”

The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. So, in the *Muse's Elizium*, by Drayton :

“With *opals* more than any one

“We'll deck thine altar fuller,

“For that of every precious stone

“It doth retain some colour.”

“In the *opal* (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxxviii. c. 6) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or ruby, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emerald, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner.”

STEEVENS.

378. *But 'tis that miracle, the queen of gems,*
That nature pranks her in, —] The *miracle*
and

and queen of gems is her beauty. Shakspeare does not say that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, i. e. in a gem miraculously beautiful. JOHNSON.

381. I cannot be so answer'd.] The folio reads,—It cannot be, &c. The correction by Sir T. Hanmer.

STEEVENS.

407. —like a worm i' the bud,] So, in the 5th sonnet of Shakspeare :

“ Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,

“ Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“ But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

“ And chase the native beauty from his cheek.”

MALONE.

408. ———She pin'd in thought ;] Thought formerly signified melancholy. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.”

Again, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ The cause of this her death was inward care
and thought.”

MALONE.

410. She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief.——] This celebrated image

was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles*. I think, Shakspeare's hand may be sometimes seen in the latter part of it, and there only :—two or three passages, which he was unwilling to lose, he has transplanted, with some alteration, into his own plays.

“ she

"She sat like patience on a monument,

"Smiling at grief."———

In *Pericles*: "Thou (*Mariana*) dost look like patience gazing on the king's graves, and smiling extremity out of act." FARMER.

She sat like patience on a monument

Smiling at grief.]

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes."

In the passage in the text, our author, I believe, meant to personify Grief as well as Patience; for we can scarcely understand "at grief" to mean "in grief" as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Perhaps Shakspeare borrowed his imagery from some ancient monument, in which these two figures were represented.

The following lines in *The Winter's Tale* seem to add some support to my interpretation:

"I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make

"False Accusation blush, and Tyranny

"Tremble at Patience."

In *K. Lear*, we again meet with the two personages introduced in the text:

"*Patience* and *Sorrow* strove

"Who should express her goodliest."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, the same kind of imagery may be traced:

"———nobly he yokes

"A smiling with a sigh.

"———I

“ ————— I do note

“ That *Grief* and *Patience*, rooted in him both,

“ Mingle their spurs together.”

I am aware that Homer's *δακρυὶν γέλασσαι*, and a passage in *Macbeth*. ———

“ ——— My plenteous joys

“ Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

“ In drops of sorrow ———”

may be urged against what has been suggested; but it should be remembered, that in these instances it is *joy* which bursts into tears. There is no instance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *sorrow* smiling in anguish. In *pain* indeed the case is different; the suffering Indian having been known to smile in the midst of torture.—But, however this may be, the sculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit successive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Percy, however, observes to me, that *grief* may mean here *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel's *History of Wales*, 1584, 4to. p. 356. “Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen at Stratalyn,” &c. In the original (printed at the end of Wynne's *History of Wales*, 8vo.) it is *gravamina*, i. e. *grievances*.

The word is certainly likewise used by our author in this sense in one of his historical plays, but not, I believe, in the singular number. MALONE.

416. *I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; ———*] This was the most artful

artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love*: she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house.

WARBURTON.

Such another equivoue occurs in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "——my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister." STEEVENS.

420. ——*bide no denay.*] *Denay* is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed: so, p. 620: "——the state of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him." Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 10.

"——thus did say

"The thing, friend Battus, you demand, not gladly I *denay*." STEEVENS.

436. ——*nettle of India* ?] The poet must here mean a zoophyte, called the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas.

"Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritus quendam excitat, unde nomen *urticæ* est sortita." *Wolfgang. Frangii Hist. Animal.*

"*Urtica marinæ* omnes pruritus quendam movent, et acrimoniâ suâ *venerem* extinctam et sopitam excitant."

Johnstoni Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aquat. p. 56.

Perhaps the same plant is alluded to by Greene in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "——the *flower of India* pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it, *feebleth present*

present smart." Again, in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Consider, the herb of India is of pleasant smell, but whoso cometh to it feeleth present smart." Again, in P. Holland's translation of the 9th book of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.*, "As for those nettles, there be of them that in the night raunge to and fro, and likewise change their colour. Leaves they carry of a fleshy substance, and of flesh they feed. Their qualities is to raise an itching smart." The old copy, however, reads—mettle of India, which may mean, my girl of gold, my precious girl; and this is probably the true reading. The change, which I have not disturbed, was made in the the second folio.

STEEVENS.

458. ——— *how, he jets* ———] To jet is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Is now become the steward of the house,

"And bravely jets it in a silken gown."

Again, in *Bussy's D'Ambais*, 1640:

"To jet in others' plumes so haughtily."

STEEVENS.

461. ——— *the lady of the Strachy* ———] We should read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for so the old English writers called it. Mandeville says, "*As Trachye and Macedoigne, of which Alisandre was kyng*." It was common to use the article *the* before names of places; and this was no improper instance, where the scene was in Illyria.

WARBURTON.

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an
E allusion

allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered.

JOHNSON.

Straccio (see Torriano's and Altieri's dictionaries) signifies *clouts* and *tatters*; and Torriano in his grammar, at the end of his dictionary, says that *straccio* was pronounced *stratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakspeare's meaning was this, that the lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vastly inferior to her.

SMITH.

Such is Mr. Smith's note; but it does not appear that *Strachy* was ever an English word, nor will the meaning given it by the Italians be of any use on the present occasion.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read—*starchy*: *i. e.* the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *starch*. In *Harsnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with “a yeoman of the *sprucery*”; *i. e.* wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Household-Book*, *nursery* is spelt *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore for *starchery* may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paste* was made, is called the *pastry*. The lady who had the care of the linen may be significantly opposed to the yeoman, *i. e.* an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured stanches* were worn, such a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch-woman professed to teach this art to our fair country-women. “Her usual price (says Stowe) was four

four or five pounds to teach them how to starch, and twenty shillings how to seeth starch." The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in *The World toss'd at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley, where *straches* is printed for *starches*. I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a guess on this desperate passage.

STEEVENS.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a gingerbread woman is called *lady of the basket*.

MALONE.

465. ———blows him.] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—————on her breast

"There is a vent of blood, and something blown."

STEEVENS.

468. ———stone-bow,——] i. e. a cross-brow, a bow which shoots stones.

JOHNSON.

This instrument is mentioned again in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605—"whoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those who shoot in *stone-bows*, wink with one eye." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"————children will shortly take him

"For a wall, and set their *stone-bows* in his forehead."

STEEVENS.

470. ———come from a day-bed,——] Spenser, in the first canto of the third book of his *Faerie Queene*, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:

“ So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
 “ And round about it many *beds* were dight,
 “ As whilome was the antique worldes guise,
 “ Some for *untimely ease*, some for delight.”

STEEVENS.

Estiania, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, act i. says,
 in answer to Perez,

“ This place will fit our talk; ’tis fitter far, Sir,

“ Above there are *day-beds*, and such temptations

“ I dare not trust, sir——” REED.

482. ———*wind up my watch*——] In our author’s
 time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux
 was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion
 that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Again, in an ancient MS. play intituled, *The Second
 Maiden’s Tragedy*, written between the years 1610 and
 1611:

“ Like one that has a *watche* of curious making,

“ Thinking to be more cunning than the work-
 man,

“ Never gives o’er tamp’ring with the wheels,

“ ’Till either spring be weaken’d, balance bow’d,

“ Or some wrong pin put in, and so spoils all.”

In the *Antipodes*, a comedy, 1638, are the following
 passages:

“ ———your project against

“ The multiplicity of *pocket-watches*.”

Again:

“ ———when every puny clerk can carry

“ The time o’ th’ day in his breeches.”

Again,

Again, in the *Alchemist*:

“ And I had lent my *watch* last night to one

“ That dines to-day at the sheriff’s.” STEEVENS.

482. *Or play with some rich jewel.*] The old copy has,

———or play with *my* some rich jewel. MALONE.

483. *curtsies* there to me.] From this passage, as Mr. Reed observes, one might suspect that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word *curtsy* was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, p. 4, it is said, “ The pulpett being set at the nether end of “ the Earle of Warwick’s tombe in the said quier, “ the table was placed where the altar had bene. At “ the coming into the quier my lord made *lowe curtesie* “ to the French king’s armes,” &c. Again, in the *Book of Kervynge and Setwynge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, sign. A. 1111. “ And whan your Soverayne “ is set, loke your towell be about your necke, than “ *make your Soverayne curtesy*, than uncover your brede “ and set it by the salte, and laye your napkyn, knyfe, “ and spone afore hym, then kneel on your knee,” &c. These directions are to male servants.

485. *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.*] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says: “ *I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me.*” So, in this play:

“*Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.*”

JOHNSON.

It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

If I were to suggest a word in the place of *carts*, which I think is a corruption, it should be *cables*. It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschar* in the *Arabian-Night's Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar.

THYRWHITT.

504. *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of——

“*What's to do here?*”

WARBURTON.

510. ——*her great P's*.——] In the direction of the letter which *Malvolio* reads, there is neither a C nor a P to be found.

STEEVENS.

526. ——*brock*!] i. e. *badger*. He uses the word as a term of contempt, as if he had said *hang thee cur! Out filth! to stink like a brock* being proverbial.

REMARKS.

536. ——*stannyel*.——] The name of a kind of a hawk is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

To *check*, says Latham, in his book of Falconry, is, “when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them.” The *stannyel* is the common stone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *stanchil*. I have this information from

Mr.

Mr. Lamb's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Flodden. STEEVENS.

540. ——— *formal capacity* ———] *i. e.* any one in his senses, any one whose *capacity* is not disarranged or out of *form*. STEEVENS.

547. *Sowter* ———] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. So, in *Like will to Like*, &c. 1587:

“ You *sowterly* knaves, show you all your manners at once!”

A *sowter* was a cobbler. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: “ ——— If Apelles that cunning painter suffer the greasy *sowter* to take a view of his curious work,” &c. STEEVENS.

548. ——— *as rank as a fox*.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, reads, *not as rank*. The other editions, though it be *as rank*. JOHNSON.

556. *And O shall end, I hope*.] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing*, in disappointment. So, somewhere else:

“ How can you fall into so deep an *Oh*?”

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Second Part, 1630:

“ ——— the brick house of Castigation, the school where they pronounce no letter well but *O*!” Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, by Daniel, 1623:

“ Like to an *O*, the character of woe.” STEEVENS.

568. ——— *are born great*. ———] The old copy reads—

reads—are become *great*. The alteration by Mr. Rowe.
STEEVENS.

It is justified by a subsequent passage, in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter.

MALONE.

576. ——— *yellow stockings*;—] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. In Davenant's play, called *The Witts*, act iv. p. 208. Works fol. 1673 :

“ You said, my girl, Mary Queasie by name did find your uncle's *yellow stockings* in a porringer ; nay, and you said she stole them.” PERCY.

So Middleton and Rowley in their masque entitled, *The Word Toss'd at Tennis*, 1620, where the five different-coloured starches are introduced as striving for superiority. *Yellow Starch* says to *White* :

“ ——— since she cannot

“ Wear her own lined *yellow*, yet she shows

“ Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow hose*.”

Again, in Decker' *Match me in London*, 1631 :

“ ——— because you wear

“ A kind of *yellow stocking*.”

Again, in his *Honest Whore*, Second Part, 1630 : “ What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam ? if they be not *yellow*, change them.” The yeomen attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week, 1581, were dressed in
yellow

yellow worsted stockings. The book from which I gather this information was published by Henry Goldwell, Gent. in the same year.

STEEVENS

577. ———cross-gartered:——] So, in the *Lover's Melancholy*, 1639:

"As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-gartered."

Again, in a *Woman's a Wethercock*, 1612:

"Yet let me say and swear in a cross garter,

"Pauls never shew'd to eyes a lovelier quarter."

Very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee.

So in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. ix. ch. 47.

"Garters of listes; but now of silk, some edged
deep with gold."

It appears, however, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion. Thus *Barton Holyday*, speaking of the ill success of his *TEKNOFAMIA*, says,

"Had there appeared some sharp cross-garter'd
man

"Whom their loud-laugh might nick-name *puritan*,

"Cas'd up in faction's breeches, and small ruffe,

"That hates the surplice, and defies the cuffe.

"Then," &c.

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affector of Puritanism.

STEEVENS.

585. ———I will be point-de-vice, the very man.——]

This phrase is of French extraction—a *points-deviser*.

Chaucer uses it in the *Romaunt of the Rose*:

"Her nose was wrought at point-device."

i. e. with the utmost possible *exactness*.

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

“ That we may have our garments *point-device*.”

Kastril, in the *Alchemist*, calls his sister *Punk-device*:
and again, in the *Tale of a Tub*, act iii. sc. vii.

——“ ——and if the dapper priest

“ Be but as cunning *point* in his *devise*

“ As I was in my lie.”

STEEVENS.

601. ——a *pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy*.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of *embassador to the Sophy*. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendor.

STEEVENS.

611. ——*tray-trip*,——] *Tray-trip* is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, 1616:

“ Reproving him at *tray-trip*, sir, for swearing.”

Again, in *Glaphthorne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

——“ mean time, you may play at *tray-trip* or cockall, for black puddings.”

Again:

“ My watch are above, at *trea-trip*, for a black pudding,” &c.

Again:

“ With lanthorn on stall, at *trea-trip* we play,

“ For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day,”

&c.

STEEVENS.

The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of some game at *tables*, or *draughts*. “ There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* sweep suddenly.”

Cecil's

Cecil's Correspondence, let. x. p. 136. Ben Jonson joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*. *Alchemist*, act v. sc. iv.

“Nor play with costar-mongers at *mum-chance*,
tray-trip.” TYRWHITT.

Mr. Reed confirms Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture by the following extract from *Machiavel's Dogge*, a satire, 4to. 1617 :

“But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice awhile,

“To passage, treitrippe, hazarde, or mum-chance :

“But subtill males will simple mindes beguile,

“And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce :

“Oh, cogges and stoppes, and such like devilish trickes,

“Full many a purse of golde and siver pickes.

“And therefore first, for hazard, he that list,

“And passeth not, puts many to a blancke :

“And *trippe without a treye* makes had I wist

“To sitte and mourne among the sleeper's ranke :

“And for *mumchance*, how ere the chance doe fall,

“You must be *mum*, for fear of marring all.”

618. —*aqua vitæ*—] Is the old name of *strong waters*. JOHNSON.

622. —*cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests ;*—] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, represents him as more upright than any *cross-garter'd* gentleman-usher.

FARMER.

ACT.

ACT III.

Line 2. — *By the tabor?*—Clown. *No, sir, I live by the Church.*] The Clown, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the *sign of the tabor*, the ancient designation of a musick shop. STEEVENS.

13. — *a cheveril glove*—] i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather : *chevreau*, Fr. So in *Romeo and Juliet* : “—a wit of *cheveril*—” Again, in a proverb in Ray’s collection : “He hath a conscience like a *cheveril’s* skin.” STEEVENS.

54. — *lord Pandarus*—] See our author’s play of *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

58. — *Cressida was a beggar.*]

“ ————— great penury

Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye.”

Chaucer’s *Testament of Creseyde*.

MALONE.

67. — *the haggard*,—] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly :

Not like the *haggard*.

He must chuse persons and times, and observe tem-
pers,

pers, he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

71. *But wise men's folly fall'n,——*] Sir Thomas Hamner reads, *folly shewn*. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads, *But wisemen's folly false, quite taint their wit*. From whence I should conjecture, that Shakspeare possibly wrote :

But wise men, folly fallen, quite taint their wit.

i. e. wise men, fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The sense is : *But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion.*

REVISAL.

I explain it thus : The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure ; but the folly of wise men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment.

JOHNSON.

72. In former editions :

Sir To. *Save you, gentleman.*

Vio. *And you, sir.*

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. *I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.]*

I have ventured to make the two knights change speeches in this dialogue with Viola ; and, I think, not without good reason. It were a preposterous forgetfulness in the poet, and out of all probability,

to make Sir Andrew not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the first act did not know the English of *Pourquoi*. THEOBALD.

80. ———the list——] Is the bound, limit, farthest point. JOHNSON.

81. Taste your legs, sir, &c.] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastick use of a verb, which is many times as quietly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594 :

“ A climbing tow’r that did not *taste* the wind.”

Again, in Chapman’s version of the 21st *Odyssey* :

“ ———he now began

“ To *taste* the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg’d hard.” STEEVENS.

93. ———most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] Pregnant for ready. As in *Measure for Measure*, act i. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

95. ———all three ready.] The old copy reads——all three already. STEEVENS.

117. ———I beseech you :——] I, which is not in the first copy, was added in the third folio. MALONE.

118. After the last enchantment (you did hear)] Nonsense. Read and point it thus :

After the last enchantment you did here,

i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked in my affections. WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation. JOHNSON:

I have

I have not the least doubt that Dr. Warburton's conjecture is right.—Throughout the first edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word that we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*. So also in many other ancient books.

Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent; she had seen and talked with the messenger. Besides, “*after the last enchantment you did hear*,” is so awkward an expression, that it is very unlikely to have been Shakspeare's. . . . MALONE.

126. ———to one of your receiving] i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. She considers him as an arch page. . . . WARBURTON.

127. ———a cyprus,——] Is a transparent stuff. . . . JOHNSON.

So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton: “I have thrown a *cypress* over my face for fear of sun-burning.” . . . STEEVENS.

128. *Hides my poor heart*;——] The word *poor*, which is not in the original copy, was added to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. What the omitted word was, is quite uncertain. It might have been—*fond*;—or perhaps there was no omission. *Hear* might have been used like *tear*, *fire*, &c. as a dissyllable. . . . MALONE.

131. ———a grice;——] Is a *step*, sometimes written *greese* from *degres*, French. . . . JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“Which, as a *grise* step, may help these lovers.”

STEEVENS.

142. *Then westward-ho!*] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by the children of Paul's, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself.

STEEVENS.

159. — *maugre* —] i. e. in spite of. So, in *David and Bethsebe*, 1599: “*Maugre* the sons of Ammon and of Syria.”

STEEVENS.

167. *And that no woman has; —*] And that heart and bosom I have never yielded to any woman.

JOHNSON.

188. — *save I alone.*] These three words Sir Thomas Hamner gives to Olivia probably enough.

JOHNSON.

202. — *as lief be a Brownist,* —] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. [See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 15, 16, &c.] In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that Browne, in the year 1589, “went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the church.”

This Browne was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather Francis, had a charter granted him by king Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave “to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs,

or any lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure."

Neal's *History of New England*, vol. i. p. 58.

GREY.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. In the old comedy of *Ram-alley*, 1611, is the following stroke at them :

—" of a new sect, and the good professors, will, like the *Brownist*, frequent gravel-pits shortly, for they use woods and obscure holes already."

Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. Davenant :

" Go kiss her : by this hand, a *Brownist* is

" More amorous——"

STEEVENS.

219. ——*in a martial hand*——] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed—a curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites.

JOHNSON.

215. ——*taunt him with the licence of ink ; if thou thou'st him some thrice*,——] There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is one of those in which our author intended to shew his respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of the virulence of his prosecutors. The words quoted, seem to me directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions :—" *All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper ; for I thou thee, thou traitor !*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's three thou's.) " *You*

are an odious man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf."—"O damnable Atheist."—"Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart."—"Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell."—"Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traitor that ever came at a bar," &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satirically prescribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakspere had of these petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his close of this speech: *Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though thou write it with a goose-pen no matter.*—A keener lash at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the prisoner, as a supposed traitor! THEOBALD.

The same expression occurs in Shirley's *Opportunity*, 1640:

"——Does he *thou* me?

"How would he domineer an he were duke!"

The resentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them. Thus in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a discoverie of the abuses and corruption of officers*. Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607. "Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against *vagabants*; since the making whereof I have found fewer thieves, and the gaole lesse pestered than before."

"The abuse of *stage-players*, wherewith I find the country

country much troubled, may easily be reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave; and therefore, if by your willingnesse they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them."

STEEVENS.

237. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. The old copy, however, reads—*wren of mine.*

So, in a *Dialogue of the Phoenix*, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little wren that many young ones brings."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. B. 1606:

"The titmouse, and the multiplying wren."

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

253. ———*I know, my lady will strike him;*——] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the earl of Essex was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour.

STEEVENS.

270. In former editions:

I can no other answer make but thanks,

And thanks: and ever oft good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;] The second line is too short by a whole foot. Then, who
ever

ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much propriety as *always-sometimes*? As I have restored the passage, it is very much in our author's manner and mode of expression. So in *Cymbeline*:

"——Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be *ever* to pay, and yet pay *still*."

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

"Which I will *over-pay*, and *pay again*

"When I have found it."

THEOBALD.

My reading, which is——

And thanks and ever : oft good turns,

is such as is found in the old copy, only altering the punctuation, which every editor must have done in his turn. Theobald has completed the line, as follows:

And thanks and ever thanks and oft good turns.

STEEVENS.

I would read :——*And thanks again, and ever.*

TOLLET.

I think there was only one word omitted, viz. *thanks*; and would read,

And thanks and ever thanks. Oft good turns.

I have no doubt that *turns* was used as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

271. *And thanks, and ever : oft good turns*

Are shuffled off, &c.] In the second folio, whether by accident or design, these two lines were omitted.

MALONE.

275. — *the reliques of this town?*] I suppose he means the *relics of saints*, or the remains of ancient *fabricks*. STEEVENS.

The words are explained by what follows:

“ — Let us satisfy our eyes

“ With the *memorials* and the things of fame,

“ That do renown this city.” MALONE.

283. — *'gainst the Duke his gallies.*] The only authentic copy of this play reads: — *the count* his gallies. There is no need of change. *Orsino* is called *count* throughout this play; as often as *duke*.

MALONE.

310. — *what bestow of him?*] Surely *of* is an error of the press, in the old copy, for *on*. MALONE.

Of is very commonly, in the North, still used for *on*. HENLEY.

344. — *kiss thy hand so oft?*] This fantastick custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 4to. circa 1606, p. 6. “These *Flowers of Courtisie* as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formall in their speeches full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences as doe bewray and lay open their masters ignorance; and they are so frequent *with the kisse on the hand*, that, word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes.” REEB.

365. — *midsummer madness.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

— *Thus*

'Tis *midsummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's collection; signifying you are mad. STEEVENS.

379. —be opposite with a kinsman—] *Opposite* here, as in many other places, means—*adverse*, *hostile*.

MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*:—"bound to answer an unknown *opposite*." STEEVENS.

380. —let thy tongue *tang*, &c.] The first folio reads *langer*; the second *tang*. STEEVENS.

384. —I have *lim'd* her:—] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*.

JOHNSON.

387. —Fellow!—] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

429. —cherry pit—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says, "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." So in a comedy called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1611:—"if she were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*." So, in *The Witch of Edmonton*: "I have lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at *cherry-pit*." STEEVENS.

430. —Hang him, foul collier!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, that R. Greene, at the conclusion of his *Notable Discovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has published what he calls,

calls, *A pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers.*

STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness; *Like will to like, says the Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

454. ——— *a finder of madmen:—*] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy.

JOHNSON.

455. *More matter for a May morning.*] It is usual on the first of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comick kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the first part of *R. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it.

STEEVENS.

479. ——— *He may have mercy upon mine;—*] We may read, *He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better.* Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished that Shakspeare, in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness. JOHNSON.

513. ——— *the unchary otit.*] The old copy reads—*on't.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

STEEVENS.

518. *Goes on my master's grief.*] The old copy has—*griefs.* It has been corrected in the wrong place; and we should read, I think,

Go on my master's griefs.

The joining a singular verb with a plural noun, was common in our author's time. MALONE.

519. ———wear this jewel for me,——] *Jewel* does not properly signify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity. MALONE.

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: "She gave him a very fine jewel, wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 121. STEEVENS.

547. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;——] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, on carpet consideration, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity, kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term, a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

Greene uses the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose:

———"soldiers, come away,

"This *Carpet-knight* sits carping at our scars."

In Barrett's *Alvearie* 1580: "——those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abominable and filthy idleness, are, as we used to call them, *Carpet-knights*."

Again, among Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, b. iv. ep. 6. *Of Merit and Demerit*:

"That capitaines in those days were not regarded,

"That only *Carpet-knights* were well rewarded."

The

The old copy reads——unhatch'd rapier.

STEEVENS.

It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary, *in verb.* *Hacher* [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword was a technical term. I suspect, we ought to read—with an *hatch'd* rapier; *i. e.* with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented.

Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd*; and therefore I would not disturb the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

——on carpet consideration] *i. e.* Not on account of his own merit, but for political reasons. The phrase seems to owe its origin to the custom of having the tables, round which those who determined publick measures were seated, covered with *carpets*. “There is something on the *carpet*,” is a phrase still in use, and means, “some measure is at present under *consideration*.”

ANONYMOUS.

552. ——*hob, nob*,——] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would*, *will ne will*; that is, *let it happen, or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary: STEEVENS.

587. *Why, man, he's a very devil, &c.*] Ben Jonson has imitated this scene in the *Silent Woman*. The behaviour of Sir John Daw, and Sir Amorous la Foole, is formed on that of Viola and Aguecheek. STEEVENS.

——*I have not seen such a virago*.——] *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*virago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. In Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611, *Jupiter* enters "like a nymph or *virago*; and says: "I may pass for a bona-roba, a rounceval, a *virago*, or a good manly lass." If Shakspeare (who knew *Viola* to be a woman, though *Sir Toby* did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Virago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakspeare's coinage. STEVENS.

589. —the stuck—] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Here's a fellow, *Judicio*, that carried the deadly *stuck* in his pen." Again, in Marston's *Mal-content*, 1604: "The close *stock*, O mortal," &c. Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"I would pass on him with a mortal *stock*."

STEVENS.

620. —by the duello—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety.

STEVENS.

631. *Nay, if you be an undertaker*,—] But why was an *undertaker* so offensive a character? I believe this is a touch upon the times, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence

fluence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly is another question) that there had been any such *undertaking*. *Parl. Hist.* vol v. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the house of commons upon the same subject; *when the house* (according to the title of the speech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers*. Bacon's Works, vol. ii. p. 236. 4to edit. TYRWHITT.

687. ———o'erflourish'd by the devil.] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll-work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakspeare has the same expression in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ———your title to him

“ Doth flourish the deceit——” STEEVENS.
Again, in his 60th Sonnet:

“ Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth.”

The following lines in *K. Richard II.* as exhibited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, confirm Mr. Steevens's observation:

“ The purest treasure mortal times afford

“ Is spotless reputation ;—that away,

“ Men are but *gilded trunks*, or painted clay.”

MALONE.

587. ——— *so do not I.*] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life.

JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 1. ——— *I AM afraid this great lubber*——] *i. e.* affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

JOHNSON.

18. *I pr'ythee, foolish Greek*,——] *Greek*, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakspeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IV.* Yet the Oxford editor alters it to Geck.

WARBURTON.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, ch. i. v. 23

“ ——— to the *Greeks* foolishness ?” STEEVENS.

22. ——— *get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.*] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years ; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps

Perhaps *fourteen years' purchase* was, in Shakspeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's *Essay on Usury* mentions *sixteen years purchase*. "I will not give more than according to *fifteen years purchase*, said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven."

TOLLET.

This passage may be considered as a further corroboration of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that *Twelfth Night* was written in 1614. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to the *undertakers*, it was the object of parliamentary debate, during the short session of that year. MALONE.

53. *In this uncivil and unjust extent*] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general.

JOHNSON.

56. *This ruffian hath botch'd up—*] *Botch'd up*, I fancy, is only a coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. A similar expression occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— if you'll *patch* a quarrel

"As matter whole you've not to make it with."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

"Do *botch* and bungle up damnation." STEEVENS.

59. *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.*] I know not whether there be not an ambiguity intended between

heart and hart. The sense however is easy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts; or, as the ancients expressed it, half my heart.* JOHNSON.

60. *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it? JOHNSON.

68. —*sir Topas*—] The name of *Sir Topas* is taken from Chaucer. STEEVENS.

72. —*I am not tall enough to become the function well;*] This cannot be right. The word wanted should be a part of the description of *a careful man*. I should have no objection to read—*pale*. TYRWHITT.

Tall enough,] perhaps means *not of sufficient height to overlook a pulpit.* STEEVENS.

75. —*as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar*—] This refers to what went before: *I am not tall enough to become the function well, or lean enough to be thought a good student:* it is plain then that Shakspeare wrote:—*as to say a graceful man, i. e. comely.* To this the Oxford editor says, *rectè*: WARBURTON.

A careful man, I believe, means, a man who has such a regard for his character as to entitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

79. —*very wittily said—That, that is, is:—*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex praecipitis & praconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be;* with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

102. —*it hath bay-windows*—] A bay-window

is the same as a *bow-window*; a window in a recess, or bay. See *A. Wood's Life*, published by T. Hearne; 1730, p. 548 and 553. The following instances may likewise support the supposition:

Cynthia's Revels, by B. Jonson, 1610.

"——retired myself into a *bay-window*," &c.

Again, in Stow's *Chronicle of Henry IV.*

"As Tho. Montague rested him at a *bay-window*, a gun was levell'd," &c.

Again, in Middleton's *Women beware Women*:

"'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman

"To stand in a *bay-window* and see gallants."

Chaucer, in the *Assemblee of Ladies*, mentions *bay-windows*. Again, in *K. Henry the Sixth's Directions for building the Hall at King's College, Cambridge*:—"on every side thereof a *baie-window*." STEEVENS.

103. ——*the clear stones*——] The old copy has —*stores*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

114. ——*constant question*.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question. JOHNSON.

130. *Nay, I am for all waters*.] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief. WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. JOHNSON.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua*. SMITH.

I think the meaning is—I can turn my hand to any thing;

thing; I can assume any character I please.—Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, that “he hath an oare in every water, and meddleth with all things.”

Florio’s translation, 1603.

MALONE.

130. *Nay, I am for all waters.*] This is the *Clown*’s answer to *Sir Toby* who applauded him, for *Sir Toby* having commended the *Clown* for his address in personating *Sir Topas*, the *Clown* in his reply plays upon the name *Topas*, and intimates that he could sustain as well the character of any other person, let him be called by what *gem* he might.—A *diamond* of the first water, is no uncommon expression; and the *Clown* before, by the *lustrous* quality of the *clear stones*, intended a similar allusion.

HENLEY.

140. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This song should certainly begin:

“Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me

“How does thy lady, do?——

“My lady is unkind, perdy.——

“Alas, why is she so?”

FARMER.

This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of *The Merchandises of Popish Priestes*, 4to. 1629, Sign. F. 2——“there is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine, I can best describe you this arch singer, by such common phrase as wee use of him whom wee see very lively and pleasantly disposed, wee say this, *His head is full of jolly Robbins.*”

REED.

154. ——*your five wits?*] Thus the *five senses* were anciently called. So, in *K. Lear*, Edgar says,

“Bless thy *five wits*! Tom’s a cold.”

Again,

Again, in the old morality of *Every Man*: "And remember beaute, fyve wyttes, strength, and dyscrecyon." STEEVENS.

That the five *wits*, were considered as distinct from the five *senses*, appears from a line in one of our author's sonnets:

"But my five *wits*, nor my five *senses* can——"

The *wits*, Dr. Johnson has elsewhere observed, were reckoned five, in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem, intituled *Grande Amour*, ch. 24. edit. 1554, it appears, that the five *wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." MALONE.

159. ———*property'd me*;——] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

167. *Maintain no words with him*,——] Here the *Clown* in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.——*I will, sir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered.

JOHNSON.

172. ———*I am shent, &c.*] i. e. *scolded, reprimanded*. JOHNSON.

193. ———*Like to the old vice*,] *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which

which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis-à-vis*, which is literally, *face to face*. STEEVENS.

200. *Adieu, goodman devil.*] We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakspeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line:

Adieu, goodman drivell.

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old translation of the *Menachmi*, 1595, Menæchmus says to Peniculus: "Away filthie mad *drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

206. *Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range, &c.*] *i. e.* I found it justified, credibly vouched. THEOBALD.

212. —all instance,—] *Instance is example.*

JOHNSON.

215. *To any other trust,—*] *To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.* JOHNSON.

222. *Whiles—*] *Is until.* This word is still so used in the northern countries. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

Almost throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, *whiles*

whiles is given us instead of *while*. Mr. Rowe, the first reformer of his spelling, made the change.

STEEVENS.

233. ———*truth*———] *Truth is fidelity.* JOHNSON.

234. ———*heavens so shine, &c.*] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls.*"

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 20. ———CONCLUSIONS *to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,*———] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, the Queen says to the Moor:

"———Come, let's kisse.

"Moor. Away, away.

"Queen No, no, sayes I; and *twice away*, sayes *stay.*"

Sir Philip Sydney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella*.

FARMER.

97. ———*bells of St. Bennet,*———] When in this play
he

he mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added *in England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare's improprieties and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned the *razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's steeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in consideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poison Marius. Stanyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Choræbus to a *bedlamite*; says, that old Priam girded on his sword *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented, had she been brought to-bed even of a *cockney*.

Saltem si qui mihi de te suscepta fuisset

Ante fugum soboles——

“——yf yeet soom progenye from me

“Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a *cockney*, *clandiprat* hophtumb.” STEEVENS.

54. ——*scathful*——] i. e. mischievous, destructive. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good play, the Devil is in it*. 1612:

“He mickle *scath* has done me.”

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“That offereth *scath* unto the town of Wakefield.” STEEVENS.

62. ——*desperate of shame, and state*]. Unattentive

to

to his character or his condition, like a desperate man.

JOHNSON.

109. —as fat and fulsome—] *Fat* means *dull*; so we say a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNSON.

118. *Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death*

Kill what I love;—] In this simile, a particular story is presuppos'd; which ought to be known to shew the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from *Heliodorus's Æthiopics*, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian thief* was *Thyamis*, who was a native of *Memphis*, and at the head of a band of robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their hands, *Thyamis* fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon *Thyamis's* party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with these barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd toward the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right hand

H

plunged

plunged his sword into her breast. THEOBALD.

171. ————*case* ?] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*, We yet talk of a *fox-case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies?—He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home; the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

This expression occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *case* of that huge spirit now is cold."

MALONE.

208. ————*Then he's a rogue, and a passy measure pavin*:

I hate a drunken rogue.] B. Jonson also mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spanish dance, *Alchemist*, p. 97. but it seems to come originally from Padua, and should rather be written *pavane*, as a corruption of *Paduana*. A dance of that name (*saltatio Paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on *Rabelais*, b. v. c. 30.

Passy measures is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it should be rectified. TYRWHITT.

The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was antiently by gentlemen dressed in a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance, resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented

vented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the *Orchesographia* of *Thoinet Arbeau*. Every pavin has its galliard, a lighter kind of air made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe, are sufficiently known at this day.

Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ligon, in his History of Barbadoes, mentions a *passamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647, a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind which in Shakspeare's play of *Hen. IV.* was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, by Sneak, the musician, there named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition, but his conclusion, that because it was played in a dramattick representation of the history of *Hen. IV.* it must be so ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious.—*Passy-measure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

With the help of Sir John Hawkins's explanation of *passy-measure*, I think I now see the meaning of this passage. The second folio reads—*after a passy measure's pavin*.—So that I should imagine the following regulation of the whole speech would not be far from the truth:

Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue, i. e. next to a passy-measure or a pavin, &c. It is in character that Sir Toby should

H ij

express

express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavin* are described to be.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation.

STEEVENS.

225. *A natural perspective*,——] I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces——that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another the head of an ass."——"A picture of a Chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces——but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraicture of the Chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing. This seems also to explain a passage in *K. Henry V.* sc. ii.: "Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid."

TOLLET.

292. *A most extracting frenzy*——] i. e. a frenzy hat drew me away from every thing but its own object.

WARBURTON.

Since I wrote my former note, I have met with a passage in the *Historie of Hamlet*, bl. l. 1608, Sig. C. 2. that seems to support the reading of the old copy: "——to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits."

MALONE.

305. ———you must allow vox.] I am by no means certain that I understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of the Revisal pronounces to have no meaning. I suppose the clown begins reading the letter in some fantastical manner, on which Olivia asks him, *if he is mad*. No, madman, says he, *I do but barely deliver the sense of this madman's epistle; if you would have it read as it ought to be, that is, with such a frantick accent and gesture as a madman would read it, you must allow vox* i. e. *you must furnish the reader with a voice*, or, in other words, *read it yourself*.

STEEVENS.

I rather think the meaning is——*If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantick tone*. MALONE.

——but to read his right wits,——] Perhaps so,——*but to read his wits right is to read thus*. To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do like a madman.

JOHNSON.

327. *One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,*] The word *on't* in this place is mere nonsense. I doubt not the poet wrote:

——an't so please you.

REVISAL.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife.

JOHNSON.

331. ———*So much against the mettall of your sex,*] The old copy reads, I think rightly:

So much against the *mettle* of your sex.

i. e. so much against the natural disposition of your sex. So, in *Macbeth*:

“——thy undaunted *mettle* should compose

H iij

“Nothing

"Nothing but males."

The reading which has been substituted affords, in my apprehension, no meaning. *Mettle* is here, as in many other places, used for *spirit*, or rather for *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*.

Our author has taken the same licence in *All's Well that ends Well*:

" 'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her——"

i. e. the want of title. Again, in *King Richard III*.

"The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life."

i. e. the remission of the forfeit. MALONE.

348. ———*cross gartered*———*yellow stockings*,———] In an entertainment called *Cupid and Death*, by Shirley, 1653, a host enters in *yellow stockings* and *cross garter'd*.

STEEVENS.

350. ———*fighter*———] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

354. ———*geck*———] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vision at the conclusion of *Cymbeline*:

"And to become the *geck* and scorn

"Of th' other's villany."

Again, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitult PHILOTUS*, &c. 1603:

"Thocht he be auld, my joy, quhat reck,

"When he is gane give him ane *geck*,

"And take another be the neck."

Again:

"The carle that hecht sa weill to treat you,

"I think sall get ane *geck*."

STEEVENS.

361. ———*here were presuppos'd*] *Presuppos'd*
seems

seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation, or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou hadst read the letter. The *supposition* was *previous* to the act.

STEEVENS.

373. *Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts*

We had conceiv'd against him :—]

Surely we should rather read—*conceiv'd* in him.

TYRWHYTT.

375. ———at Sir Toby's great importance ;] *importance* is *importunacy*, *importunements*.

STEEVENS.

381. *Alas, poor fool !—]* See notes on *K. Lear*, act v. sc. iii.

REED.

———*how have they baffled thee ?]* See Mr. Toller's note on a passage in the first scene of the first act of *K. Rich. II.*

“ I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and *baffled* here.”

STEEVENS.

386. ———*but do you remember, madam,—]* As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus—*but do you remember ?—Madam, why laugh you, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

400. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,]* Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, against *knave and thief*.—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded : but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir Tho. Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words

words, *beds* and *heads*, to the singular number : and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedict and Beatrice*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to king Charles I. and was a present from him to his master of the Revels Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, "*Benedick and Beatrice,—Pyramus and Thisby,—Rosalinde,—Mr. Paroles, and Malvolio.*"

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his *Εικονολατρίαις*, censures king Charles for reading "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare.*"

FARMER.

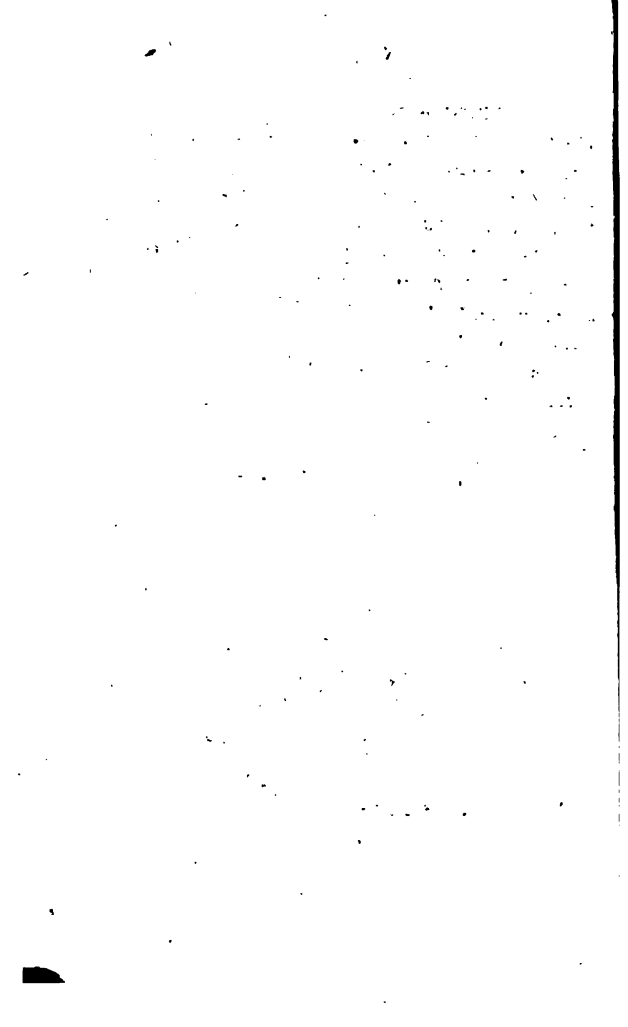
Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume afford more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *K. Henry VIII.* and *John Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial*, by John Cooke, 1649 : " Had he but studied scriptnre half so much as *Ben Jonson* or *Shakspere*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash, &c." With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

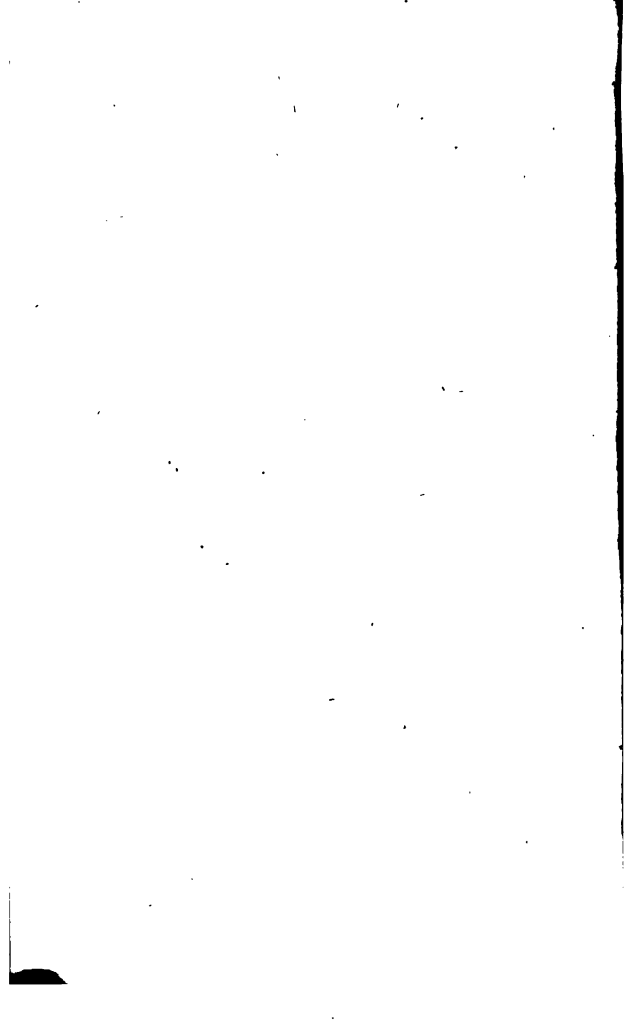
A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspere with his majesty's cypher on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection. STEEVENS.

THE END.









Bell's Edition.

The WINTER's TALE,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toll'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unrealst Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

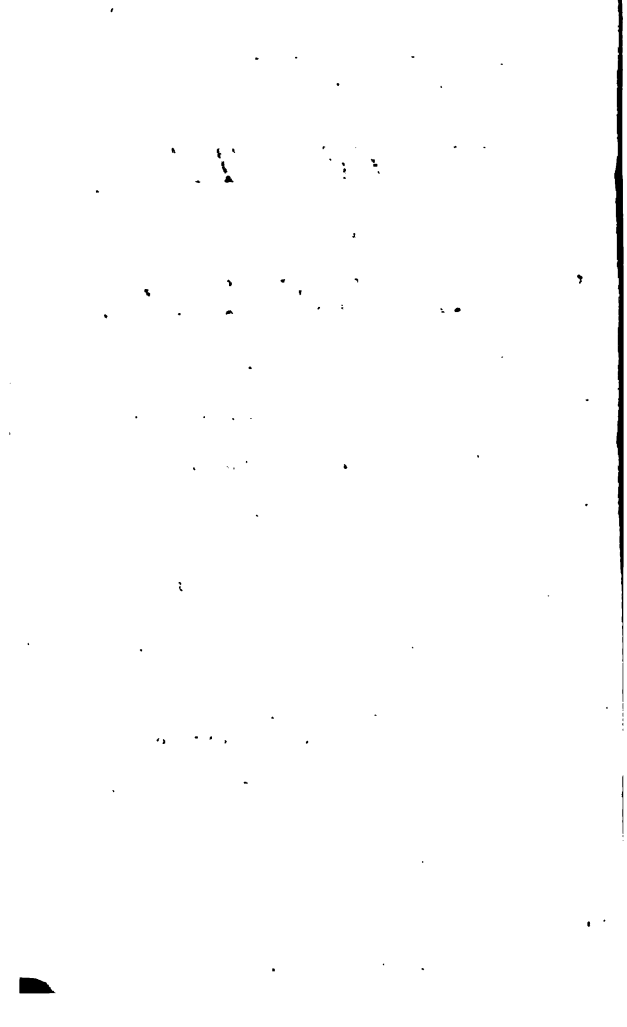
LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

The WINTER'S TALE.

THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. **WARBURTON.**

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of 1623.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. **JOHNSON.**

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
CAMILLO, }
ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
CLEOMENES, }
DION, }
Another Sicilian Lord.
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita,
Clown, his Son,
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue.*
TIME, *as Chorus.*

WOMEN.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a Lady.*
Two other Ladies.
MOPSA, }
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*
Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*



The WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber in LEONTES's Palace. Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed——

Cam. Beseech you——

10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you
sleepy

sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely. 18

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!—— 32

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that want on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man. 42

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam.

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State. Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again 50
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow 61
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
" This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then ; and in
that

70

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;

There is no tongue that moves ; none, none i' the
world,

So soon as your's, could win me : so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, altho'

'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,

Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,

To you a charge and trouble : to save both,

Farewel, our brother.

80

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,

All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;

90

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay ;

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
[To POLIXENES.]

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the guest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet (good deed), Leontes,
I love thee not a far o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam. 100

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily,

You put me off with limber wavers. But I,
Tha' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." *Verily*,
"You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam.

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and your's, when you were boys:

You were pretty lordings then? 121

Pol. We were fair queen,

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,

But such a day as to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boys eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd, 130

That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd;

Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,

You have tript since

Pol. O my most sacred lady,

Temptations have since then been born to us: for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; 140

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,

Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;

The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us

You did continue fault, and that you slipt not,

With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet? 155

Her. He'll stay, my lord. 156

Leo. At my request he would not: 157

Hermione, my dearest, thou hast spok'at
To better purpose. 158

Her. Never? 159

Leo. Never, but once. 160

Her. What have I twice said well? when was't
 before? 161

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram us with praise, and make't
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-
less, 162

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. 163

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us 164

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, and 165

With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal. 166

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay; 167

What was my first? it has an elder sister, 168

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace! 169

But once before I speak to the purpose: When? 170

Nay, let me have't; I long. 171

Leo. Why, that was when 172

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death, 173

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, 174

And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter, 175

"I am your's for ever!" 176

Her. It is grace, indeed. 177

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice: 178

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :— [*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ; 180
But not for joy—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent : it may, I grant ;
But to be padding palms, and piaching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort of the days ; oh, that is entertainment.
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—*Mamillius,*
Art thou my boy ? 190

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I fecks !

Why, that's my hawkcock.. What? hast smutch'd thy
They say, 't's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*.. Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES, and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf !
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. 200

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
To be full like me.—Yet, they say, we are

Almost

Almost as like as eggs; women say so;
That will say any thing: But were they false,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! — can thy dam? — may't
be? —

210

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams — (How can this be?)
With what's unreal; Thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost
(And that beyond commission, and I find it),
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

220

Her. He something seems unsettled,

Pol. How, my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recall

230

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornament oft does, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will!—why, happy man be his dole!—

My brother,

240.

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
 He makes a July's day short as December;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

250

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome:
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,

We are yours at the garden; Shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be
 found,

Be

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now, 260
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;

[*Aside, observing HERMIONE.*

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt POLIX. HER. and Attendants. Manent*

LEO. MAM. and CAM.

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears — a
fork'd one. —

Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — There
have been, 270

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence;

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is
none: 280

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No

No barricado for a belly. Know it,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

290

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius:—Thou'rt an honest man:

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing:

300

Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be't: good, should be pers-
tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks: Not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals

310
OF

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy. 320

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy ?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !— 329

Leo. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent : or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,

340
But

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear 350
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo
 (But that's past doubt: you have; of your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour 360
 Cannot be mute); or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it);
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt confess
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought); then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without

370
 My

My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ? 379
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? the noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs ; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous. 380

Leo. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie, you lie :
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass. 400

Cam.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging

About his neck; Bohemia:—Who, if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou
His cup-bearer (whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd), thou might'st be-spice a cup, 411
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I have lov'd thee.—Make that thy question,
and go rot!

420

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,

Without

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir, 430
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as your's at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to your's.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord, 440
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord. 449

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,

Promotion follows. If I could find example
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must 461
 Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
 Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord. 470

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
 As he had lost some province, and a region
 Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
 With customary compliment; when he,
 Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord. 479

Pol. How I dare not! do not! do you know, and
 dare not?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts:
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,

Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too : for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught 490
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto,
Clerk-like experienc'd (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle) ; I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my know-
ledge 500

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine), that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if it be ; 511
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my
counsel ;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed, Him to murder you. 520

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best ! 530
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel shake, 540
The

The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business ; 550
And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth ; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth ;
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

560

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

570

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me :
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen ; part of his theam ; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker (yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best ; so that there be not

Too

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half moon made with a pen).

2 *Lady*. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray
now,

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady*. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows. 20

2 *Lady*. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale. 30

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
softly: 40

Yon' crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup 50
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts;—I have drunk and seen the
spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ, was pre-employ'd by him: 60
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord.

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad, you
did not nurse him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you 70
Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;

Away with him : and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for it is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not ;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords, 80
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable* :
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which on my faith deserves high speech), and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha—these petty brands,
That calumny doth use : Oh, I am out—
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear 89
Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere

Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known
(From him, that has most cause to grieve it should
be)

She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing, 100
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress;—I have said, with whom ;
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A Federary with her ; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's 110
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo.

Leo. No, if I mistake

120

In these foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison;
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew, 130
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
[To her Ladies.

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-
tress.

141

Hath deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust,

I trust, I shall.—My women—come ; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded ; and Ladies.*]

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son. 151

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world, 164
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false, '
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him : Be she honour flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ; 170
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't ;—By mine
honour,

I'll geld 'em all : Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more :

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : I see't and feel't ;
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal 180
The instruments that feel. [*Striking his Brows.*

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What lack I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might. 190

Leo. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not
Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours. 210

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

D

You

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances 210
Made up to the deed), do push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild), I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

Lord. Well done, my lord. 220

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in public : for this business
Will raise us all. 230

Ant.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison. Enter PAULINA, and Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison—call to him ;
[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady !
No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison ? Now, good sir.

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not ?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen. 240

Gaol. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors ! Is it lawful
Pray you to see her women ? any of them ?
Emilia ?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I 250
Shall bring Emilia forth,

Dij

Paul.

Paul. I pray you now
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [Exit Gent.

Gaol. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado
[Exit Gaoler.
To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Enter EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: On her frights and griefs 260
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes o'the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office 270
Becomes a woman best; I'll tak't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more: Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be

Her

Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence 280
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 290
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant. 300

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd ; not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Changes to the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS,
Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest:—It is but
weakness 310

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultress;—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy? 320

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;

Threw

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : go,
[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fy, fy ! no thought of him ;—
The very thought of my revenges that way 330
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas ! 340
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous,

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded,

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings ;—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I 350
Do come with words, as med'cinal, as true ;

Honest,

Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How !——

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;
I knew she would. 360

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What ? can'st not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour), trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now ; you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run, 370
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come——
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems your's. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ! I say,
good queen ; 380

And

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most intelligencing bawd! 394

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.—

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd; unroosted.
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone. 401

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then, 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd

You'd call your children your's.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light. 410

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himself:—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone was sound.

Leo. A callat 420

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it; and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip; 430
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does;
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, 440
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick that makes the fire, 450
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something sa-
vours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea; scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her. 460

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
—Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis your's: Jove
send her

A better

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
 Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so : Farewel ; we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
 My child ! away with't ! Even thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire ; 470
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight ;
 Within this hour bring me word it is done
 (And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, 480
 Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
 We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech you
 So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg
 (As recompence of our dear services
 Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose ;
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must 490
 Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

[They kneel.

Leo.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live :
 —It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;
[To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey) : what will you adven-
ture

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : swear by this sword,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the
fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee—— 520
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture——
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side. 531
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the Child.*]

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed 540
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign

Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, 550
 And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-Side, Enter CLEOMENES,
 and DION, with Attendants.*

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits
 (Methinks, I so should term them), and the reve-
 rence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!—
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But of all, the burst 10
 And the ear-deafning voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione, 20
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up),
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go — fresh
horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*A Court of Justice. LEONTES, Lords, and Officers,
appear properly seated.*

Leo. This session (to our great grief, we pro-
nounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one 30
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
— Produce the prisoner.

Off.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA, and
Ladies, attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

38

Off. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high trea-
son, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bo-
hemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the
life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband:
the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid
open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their
better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more

50

60

Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, 70
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
 The bounds of honour; or, in act, or will
 That way inclining; hard'n'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, Fy, upon my grave! 80

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of those bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
 Tho' 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes 90
 (With whom I am accus'd), I do confess,

I lov'd .

I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd ;
 With such a kind of love, as might become
 A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude,
 To you, and towards your friend ; whose love had
 spoke,
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was your's. Now, for conspiracy, 100
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
 For me to try how : all I know of it,
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves
 (Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language that I understand not :
 My life stands in the level of your dreams, 110
 Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams ;
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame
 (Those of your fact are so), so past all truth ;
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it), so thou

Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage 120
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast 130
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore proceed :
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No life ; 140
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake) ; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter DION, and CLEOMENES.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. 150

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that since then 160
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised ! 170

Leo. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'the oracle :
The session shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

180

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*HERMIONE faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look
down,

And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt PAULINA, and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

190

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
My swift command ; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him, 204
Not doing it, and being done : he (most humane,
And fill'd with honour), to my kingly guest
Unclass'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour : How he glisters
Through my dark rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while ! 210
O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too ! —

Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling ?
burning

In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer, torture
Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle 220
For girls of nine ! O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

And

And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king : poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter, 329
 To be, or none, or little ; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer : But the last—O lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe !—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead ; and ven-
 geance for't 340

Not dropt down yet,

Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word,
 nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees, 350
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

260

Paul. I am sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ;
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

270

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto

280

Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
 upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay my lord; and fear, 295
 We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
 Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
 Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures 305
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar.

Mar. I am glad at heart to be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe ; I have heard,
 But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
 May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another, 310
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
 So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,
 " Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 " Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 " Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 320
 " Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 " There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the
 babe
 " Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 " I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
 " Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 " Thy wife Paulina more : "—And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 330
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,

F i j

Hermione

Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*]

There lie; and there thy character: "there these;
 [*Laying down a Bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
 'pretty one,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins;—Poor
 wretch,

'That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 340

To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—

Well may I get aboard—This is the chace,

I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a Bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
 three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the
 rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
 wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
 fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these
 boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt
 this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best
 sheep;

sheep ; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barme ! a very pretty barme ! A boy, or a child, I wonder ! A pretty one ; a very pretty one ; Sure some 'scape : tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work : they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity ; yet I'll tarry 'till my son come ; he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa !

368

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa !—

Shep. What, art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land ; but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

377

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that's not to the point : Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em : now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast ; and anon swallow'd with yest and frost, as you'd thrust a cork

F i i j

into

into a hog's head. And then for the land service—
To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how
he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Anti-
gonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the
ship; to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—But first,
how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;
—And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear
mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or
weather. 392

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water;
nor the bear half din'd on the gentlemen; he's at it
now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the
old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship side, to
have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd
footing.— [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st with
things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight
for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's
child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy;
open't; so, let's see; it was told me, 'I should be
rich by the fairies. This is some changeling.—Open't:
What's within, boy? 410

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!
all gold!

Shep.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close : home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go : Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings ; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, I'll bury it. 498

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, as Chorus.

Time.

I, That please some, try all ; both joy and terror
Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

Of

Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, 10
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times, that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving
That he shuts up himself ; Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mention here a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy ;—But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth :—A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time : Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now : 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia. Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure. 41

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-ing friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'y-thee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince

prince Florizel my son ? kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues. 60

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 75

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia. 84

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Country. Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,
 With, hey! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year; 90
 For the red blood reigns in the winter pale.
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
 The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay;
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay. 99*

*I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time wore
 three-pile; but now I am out of service.*

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
 The pale moon shines by night:
 And when I wander here and there,
 I then do go most right.
 If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget;
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it. 109*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus, who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see; — Every eleven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? 121

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine—

{ Aside.

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty ~~no~~gays for the shearers: three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means, and bases: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace—dates—none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun.

136

Aut.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the Ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 150

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out. 160

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 170

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

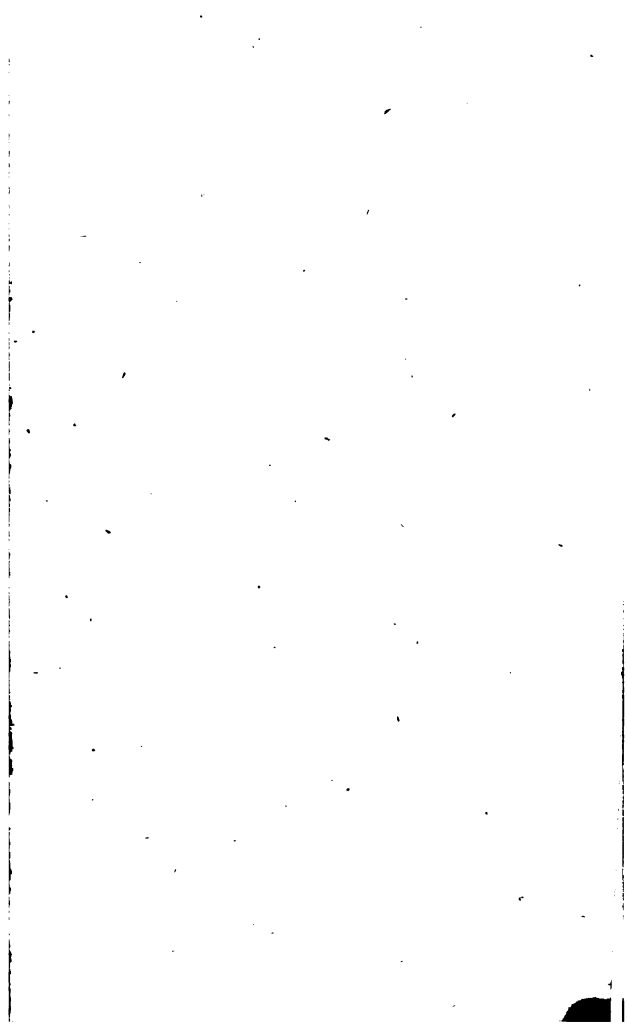
Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out o' the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide. 180

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he;—that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel. 191

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if



Act 4.th THE WINTER'S TALE. Scene 3.^d

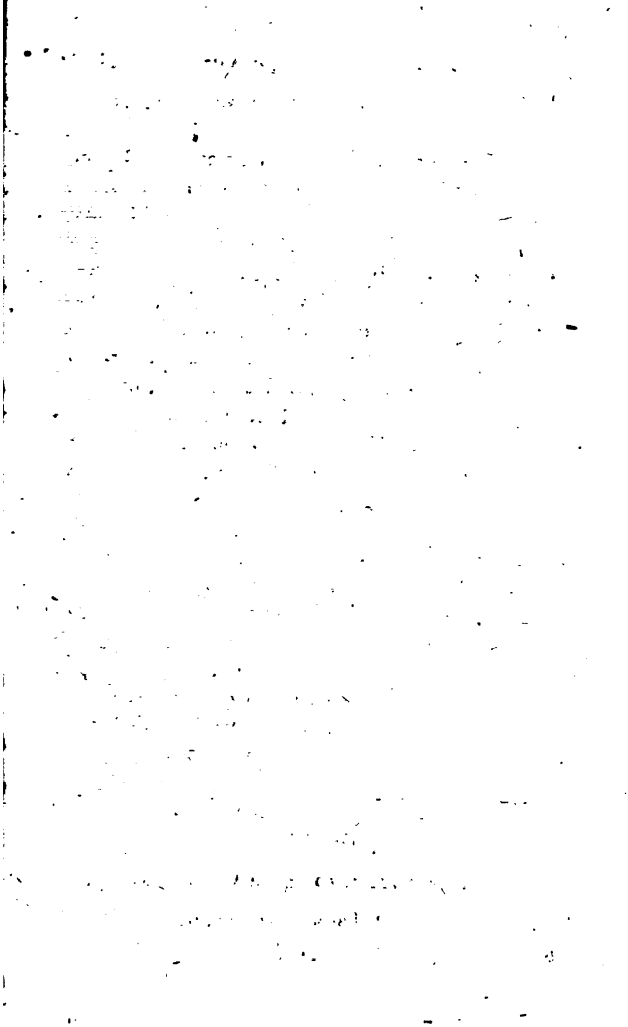


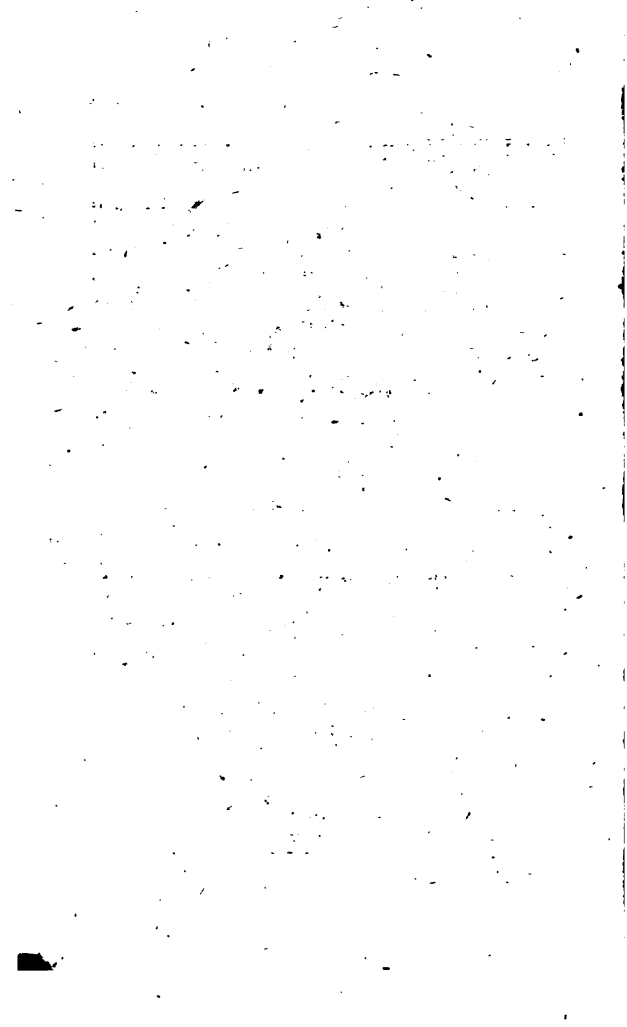
MR. EDWIN in AUTOLICUS.

*Prosper you, sweet Sir! — — — your
Purse is not hot enough to purchase
your Spice.*

Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London Jan^y 8. 1785.







if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false at heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's. 201

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way ?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir !—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue ! 211

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hend the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cot. Enter FLORIZEL, and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

G i j

Do

Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't. 220

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me ;
Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders.
Digest it with a custom ; I should blush
To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass. 230

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me, the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : Oh, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ! What would he say ? Or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold 241
The sternness of his presence !

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter

Became

Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now. Their transformations 250
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
 Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
 Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king.
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak; that you must change this
 purpose,
 Or I my life. 260

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
 The mirth o'the feast: or, I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's: For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say, *No*. Be merry, gentle;
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance; as it were the day 270
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, Servants;
with POLIXENES, and CAMILLO, disguised.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook; 279
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known. 289
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [To POL. and CAM.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' the day: You're welcome, sir!
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend
sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:

Grace

Grace and remembrance be unto you both, 300
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not 310
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piousness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art 320
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put 830
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only there-
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing. 841

Per. Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and your's, and your's,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing : O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils, 850

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty : violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright

Bright Phoebus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids) ; gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er. 361

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers ;

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing, 371
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;
Pray, so ; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that : move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens. 380

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through
it,

Do

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But, come ; our dance, I pray :
 Your hand, my Perdita : so trustles pair, 390
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does, or seems
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
 That makes her blood look out ; Good sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up. 400

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlick
 To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our
 manners ;
 Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
 Who dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts him-
 self

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it

Upon

Upon his own report, and I believe it : 410
 He looks like sooth : He says, he loves my daughter,
 I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Step. So she does any thing ; though I report it
 That should be silent : if young Doricles
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 420
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
 door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
 pipe ; no, the bag-pipe could not move you : he sings
 several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ; he utters
 them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
 grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in.
 I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
 ter merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed,
 and sung lamentably. 432

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
 sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves :
 he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without
 bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens
 of *dil-da's* and *fa-dings* : *jump her and thump her* : and
 where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were,
 mean

mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.* 441

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraid'd wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddises, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods and goddesses: you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square-on't. 452

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow; 460

Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;

Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces, and for noses;

Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber;

Perfume for a lady's chamber:

Golden

*Golden quoifs, and stdmachers,
For my lads to give their dears :
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come : come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses try :
Come buy, &c.* 471

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 480

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more. 490

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

H

Aut.

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 500

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer! 510

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and lets first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. 523

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut.

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.—

'Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones. 530

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go; 540
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou do'st ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

550

Then, whither go's't ? say, whither ?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves :
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and
we'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack
after me. Wenchies, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar,
let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,*

My dainty duck, my dear-a ?

560

And silk, and thread,

Any toys for your head

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?

Come to the pedlar ;

Money's a medlar,

That doth utter all men's wear-a.

[*Exit Clown, AUTOLICUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shep-
herds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that
have made themselves all men of hair, they call them-
selves saltiers ; and they have a dance, which the
wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because
they are not in't : but they themselves are o'the mind,

if

if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 574

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square. 583

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a Dance of Twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take 590
Your mind from feasting! Sooth, when I was young,
And hand'd love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited

For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

600

Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand ; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er. 610

Pol. What follows this ?

How prettily the young swain seems to was
The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out :—
But, to your protestation : let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more.

Than he, and men ; the earth, and heavens, and all :
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch 620
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

630

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ;——
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter : one being dead, 640
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, your's.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while ; 'beseech you,
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

650

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
Tha best becomes the table : Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums ? Can he speak ? hear ?
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?

Lies

Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;

660

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife: but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

670

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:

680

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten

Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—

Shep. O, my heart!

690

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words ;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee 699
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee ; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.

Per. Even here, undone!

I was not much affear'd : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly, 710
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

I told

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care :—this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Step. I cannot speak, nor think, 720
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir,
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[To PERDITA.

That knew'st, this was the prince; and would'st ad-
venture

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd 730
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly 740
Will

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo——

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus !
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by 750
The violation of my faith ; and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome. 760

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more), cast your good counsels 771
 Upon his passion; let myself, and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver, I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge; nor
 Concern me the reporting. 780

Cam. O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita—

I'll hear you by and by.

[To CAMILLO.]

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable;
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger; do him love and honour;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia 790
 And that unhappy king, thy master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo—

I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
 You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
 That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick 800
 To speak your deeds; not little of his care

To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king ;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness ; where you may 816
Enjoy your mistress ; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heavens forefend !) your ruin. Marry her ;
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee. 820

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows. If you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight ; make for Sicilia ; 830
And there present yourself, and your fair princess

(For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes.
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
 Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i'the father's person : kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him,
 'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness ; the one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow 840
 Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
 What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting, 850
 What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain
 To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
 But, as you shake off one, to take another : 860
 Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who

Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so? 870
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks. 880

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if 890

The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word—
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLICUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man), grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. 916

[*CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.*]

Cam.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by 'this' means being there,

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—— 920

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here ? [*Seeing* AUTOLICUS.
We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now —— why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow ? why shak'st thou so ?

Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee. 920

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee ; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange : therefore, discase thee instantly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman : Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir :——I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman is half fled already. 942

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ?——I smell the trick of it.—— [*Aside.*

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself 950
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy—
Have you done there? 960

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail 970
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[*Exit FLO. with PER.*]

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

990

Enter Clown, and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

999

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh

flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : This being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 1009

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely ; puppies ! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well ; let us to the king : there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—How now, rusticks ? whither are you bound ? 1022

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ? — what ? with whom ? the condition of that farthel ? the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your age ? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known ? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir. 1029

Aut.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir? 1037

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-à-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair. 1047

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 1059

Clo.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir? 1070

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 1080

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. 1089

Clo.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men), what you have to the kings: being something gently consider'd I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it. 1108

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive——

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

1120

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you. 1132

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exit *Shep.* and *Clo.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame

shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them,
there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Changes to Sicilia. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES,
DION, PAULINA, and Servants.*

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much, 10
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd !

K

She

She I kill'd? I did so : but thou strik'st me 20
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady ;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so, 30
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?
What holier, than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ? 40

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,

As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel, 50
My lord should to the heavens be contrary ;
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue ;

[To the King.]

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour : O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now 60
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips !

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore no wife : one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps ; and, on this stage
(Where we offend her now), appear soul-vext ;
And begin, *Why to me ?*—— 70

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so,
Were I the ghost that walk'd ; I'd bid you mark
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't

You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.* 80

Leo. Stars, stars !

And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear

Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leo. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture, 90
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry — If you will,
sir ;

No remedy, but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy

To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us. 100

Paul. That

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath :
Never 'till then.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she,
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us, 110
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone ; so must thy grave 120
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme) ; *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equall'd ; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once ; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam ;
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon) ;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, 130
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

[*Exit CLEOMENES.*

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

141

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children), seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

150

*Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES, and
others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,

As

As your fair princess, goddess!—oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as 160
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too of your brave father; whom
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times), hath something
seiz'd 170

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so), more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 175
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
The adventure of her person?

Flo.

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter 190

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods

200

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it), with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

210

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,

Were

Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes 221
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hastning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now
Endur'd all weathers. 230

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father !—— 240
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife. 250

Leo. That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry), you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time 261
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now. 270

Leo,

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.]
Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.

Ans. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation? 270

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion

passion of wonder appear'd in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. 196

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more :
The news, Rogero ?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. 308

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : Has the king found his heir ? 307

3 *Gent.* Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione ;—her jewel about the neck of it ;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character ;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ; — the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding — and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ? 318

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them ; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter ; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother ! then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law : then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it. 336

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child ?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open : He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers ? 346

2 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd ; so that all

the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

857

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

8 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bled tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal. 871

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is

her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup. 389

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthirsty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exit.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits. 403

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Lij

Shep.

Step. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

414

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Step. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

425

Step. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so posterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Step. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

433

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it. 449

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend; And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and, I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 450

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the king and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. (Exit.)

SCENE III

PAULINA'S House. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

L i i j

Paul.

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
 I did not well, I meant well : All my services 459
 You have paid home : but that you have vouchsaf'd,
 With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
 Heirs of your kingdome, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your grace, which never
 My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
 We honour you with trouble : But we came
 To see the statue of our queen :—Your gallery
 Have we pass'd through, not without much content
 In many singularities ; but we saw not
 That which my daughter came to look upon, 470
 The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
 So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
 Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
 Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
 Lonely, apart : But here it is : prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say, 'tis well.

[*PAULINA draws a Curtain, and discovers a Statue.*
 I like your silence, it the more shews off
 Your wonder : But yet speak :—First you, my liege.
 Comes it not something near ?— 481

Leo. Her natural posture !
 Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
 Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
 In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
 As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
 Hermione

Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her,
As she liv'd now. 492

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood ;
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her !
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ? Oh, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty, which has 500
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of your's, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience ;——
The statue is but newly fix'd ; the colour's 510
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol.

Pol. Dear my brother,
 Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
 To take off so much grief from you, as he
 Will piece up in himself.

520

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
 If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
 Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
 I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your
 fancy
 May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
 Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
 What was he, that did make it ? See, my lord, 530
 Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those
 veins

Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :
 The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion, in't,
 As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
 My lord's almost so far transported, that
 He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina, 540
 Make me to think so twenty years together :
 No settled senses of the world can match
 The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ;
but

I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

552

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

560

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still :

570

Or

Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick ; awake her ; strike. [Musick.
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ; 579
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs ;
[HERMIONE comes down.

Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand ;
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm ! [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating. 590

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel, 600
And



WINTERS TALE.

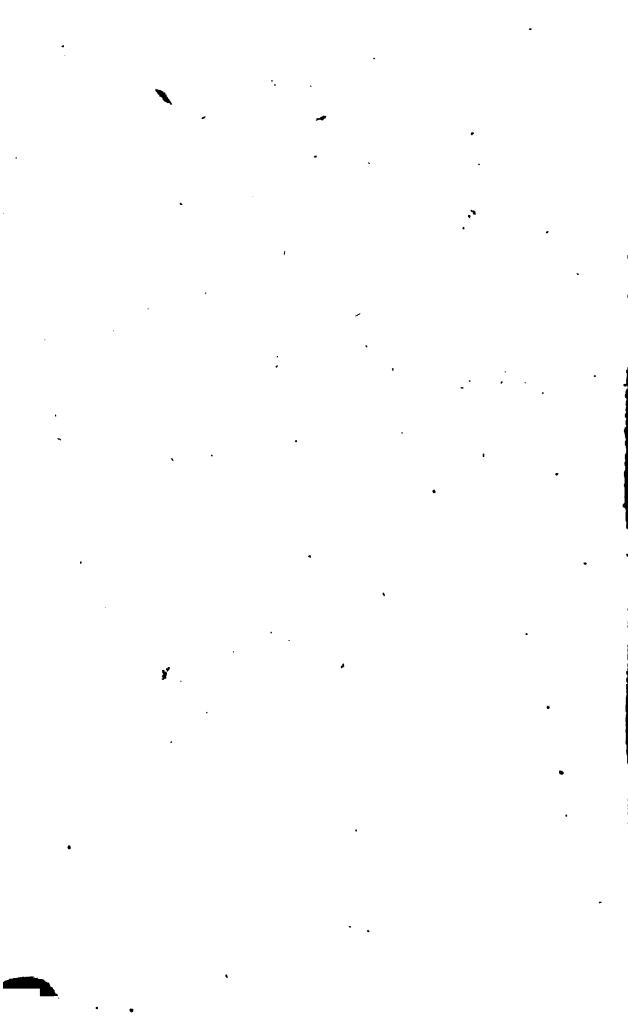
*You perceive, the Stars
stand not,*

And

is

Scene 3





And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

610

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina :
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent, 620
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine,

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,

And

And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.— 630
What ?—Look upon my brother ?—Both your par-
dens,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. 639

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

UPON THE

WINTER'S TALE,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

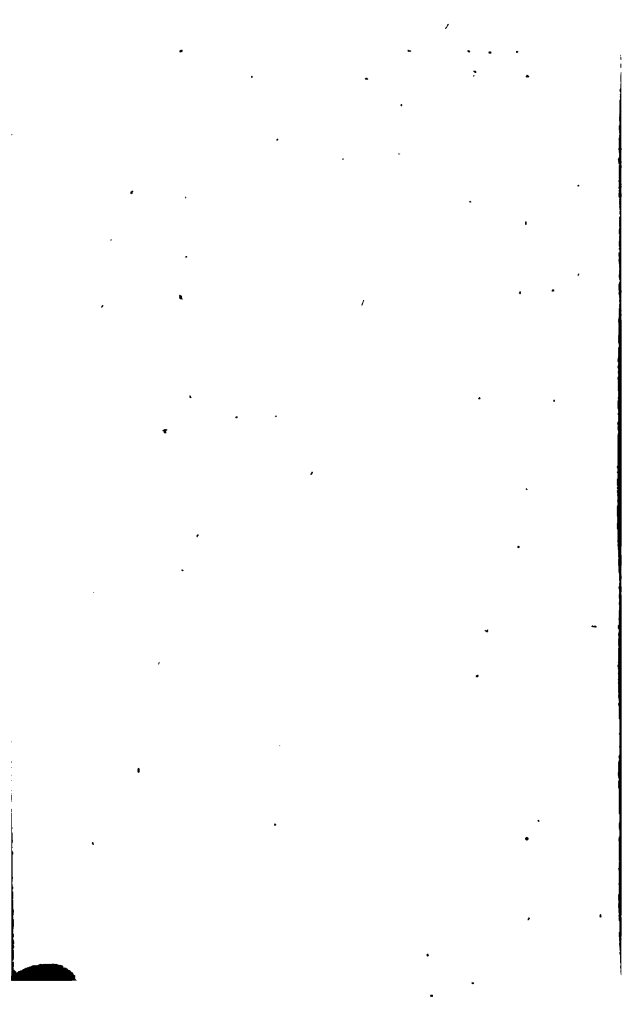
LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVII.





ANNOTATIONS

U P O N

The WINTER's TALE.

THE WINTER's TALE.] At Stationers-Hall,
May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke
entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*"

In the novel of *Dorastus and Fawnia*, the king of
Sicilia whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called	- - - -	Egistus,
Polixenes, king of Bohemia,	-	Pandosto,
Mamillius, prince of Sicilia,	-	Garinter,
Florizel, prince of Bohemia,	-	Dorastus,
Camillo,	- - - - -	Franion,
Old Shepherd	- - - - -	Porrus.

Hermione,	- - - - -	Bellaria,
Perdita,	- - - - -	Faunia,
Mopsa,	- - - - -	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

STEEVENS.

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramattick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sydney, who, in his *Defence of Poesy*, has pointed out the very improprieties which our author has fallen into in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboduche*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia on the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

This play is sneered at by Ben Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:—"If there be
never

never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries."

By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs, who were introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.

MALONE.

The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historick plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

" ———— for honour,

" 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

" And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she

she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the newborn princess, and her likeness to her father, says: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence, indeed, so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulino, speaking of the child, tells the king:

"—————'Tis yours;

"And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

"So like you, 'tis the worse."————

The Winter Evening's Tale was therefore, in reality, a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his

his dominions ;” and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay “ *upon the sea* ?” — There is a similar mistake in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

ACT I.

Line 8. — *OUR* entertainment, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us.

JOHNSON:

27. — *royally attorned*—] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c.

JOHNSON.

30. — *as over a Vast* :—] Thus the folio 1623. The folio 1632 :—*over a Vast sea*. I have since found that Hanmer attempted the same correction, though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vastum* is the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre* :

“ Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges.”

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare

Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood-cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henrys holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country.

HENLEY.

39. ————*physicks the subject*,——] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*: “The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain.”

STEEVENS.

61. ————*that may blow*

No sneaping winds——] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonsense*: and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Gallicism*. It happens, however, to be both *sense* and *English*. *That*, for *Oh! That*, is not uncommon. In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: “St. Francis observing the holiness of Friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!” And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“———In thy rumination,

“*That* I, poor man, might eftsoones come between!”

And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“*That*

“ That runaway’s eyes may wink !”

Which, in other respects, Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.

FARMER.

85. ————*this satisfaction*] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia.

JOHNSON.

96. ————*behind the gest*] Mr. Theobald says, *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just*: But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of *royal progresses* the king’s stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald’s office, were called his *gests*, from the old French word *giste, diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

In Strype’s *Memorials of Archbishop Crammer*, p. 283. —The archbishop entreats Cecil, “ to let him have the new resolved-upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was.”

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599 :

“ Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,

“ Have in their *gests* resolved for Oxford town.”

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

“ ————Do like the *gests* in the progress,

“ You know where you shall find me.”

STEEVENS.

98. ————*a jar o’ the clock*——] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock ; what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *King Richard III.*

B

“ My

"My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they
jar." STEEVENS.

A *jar*, perhaps, means a minute; for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

121. ———*lordings*———] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the host says to the company, v. 790, late edit.

"*Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the
beste." STEEVENS.

134. ———*the imposition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] *i. e.* setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

143. *Grace to boot!*

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say, &c.] Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two queens were become women. To each part of this observation the queen answers in order. To that of *temptations* she replies, *Grace to boot!* *i. e.* though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part she replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence,
for

for that would be making your queen and me devils,
&c.

WARBURTON.

The explanation is good ; but I have no great faith
in the existence of such a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

172. *And clepe thyself my love ;——*] The old
edition reads—*clap thyself*. This reading may be
explained : She opened her hand, to *clap* the palm of
it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain.
Hence the phrase—to *clap up a bargain*, i. e. make
one with no other ceremony than the junction of
hands. So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ Speak, widow, is’t a match ?

“ Shall we *clap* it up ?”

Again, in a *Trick to catch the old One*, 1616 :

“ Come, *clap* hands, a match.”

Again, in *King Henry V.*

“ ——and so *clap* hands, and a bargain.”

STEEVENS.

188. *The mort o’ the deer ;——*] A lesson upon the
horn at the death of the deer.

THEOBALD.

So, in Greene’s *Card of Fancy*, 1608 : “ —He that
bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may
very well miss of his fees.” Again, in the oldest
copy of *Cherry Chase* :

“ The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent.”

STEEVENS.

193. *Why, that’s my bawcock.——*] Perhaps
from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language,
that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The

word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of *King Henry the Fifth*.

STEEVENS.

195. *We must be neat; ———*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3.

“His large provision there of flesh, of fowl, of
neat.”

STEEVENS.

197. *—————Still virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.

JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.

“When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of one of us.”

Decker's Untrussing the Humorous Poet.

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“Where be these rascals that skip up and down

“Like *virginal jacks*?”

STEEVENS.

201. *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,*] *Pash* is *kiss*. *Paz*, Spanish, i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiss with*. *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. *horns*. Leontes is alluding to the en-

signs

signs of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *pash* in Cheshire. STEEVENS.

A rough *pash* seems to mean a rough hide or skin. Perhaps it comes from the plural of the French word *peau*, or from a corruption of the Teutonic, *peltz*, a pelt. TOLLET.

Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have, in connexion with the context, signifies—to make thee a calf thou must have the tuft on thy forehead, and the young horns that shoot up in it, as I have. Leontes asks the prince :

“ ———How now, you wanton calf!

“ Art thou my calf?

“ *Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

“ *Leo.* Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have,

“ To be full like me.”

To *pash* signifies to *push* or *dash* against, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus Drayton :

“ They either poles their heads together *paskt*.”

Again, in *How to choose a good Wife from a bad*, 1602, 4to.

“ ———learne *pash* and knock, and beat and mall,

“ Cleave pates and caputs.”——

When in Cheshire a *pash* is used for a *mad-brain'd boy*, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing.

HENLEY.

205. *As o'er-dy'd blacks,———*] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks dyed *too much*, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour. STEEVENS.

207. *No bourn———*] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet* :

“———from whose *bourn*

“No traveller returns.”—— STEEVENS.

209. ———*welkin-eye.———*] Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.

JOHNSON.

210. ———*my collop!——*] So, in the *First Part of King Henry VI.*

“God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.”

STEEVENS.

211. *Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.*] Instead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority;

Imagination! thou dost stab to the centre.

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not certain that I understand the reading which I have restored. *Affection*, however, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“———*affections*,

“Masters of passion, sway it,” &c.

i. e. *imagination*s govern our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, “when the mind with great earnestness,

earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language—*stabs him to the centre.* STEEVENS.

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.] Does not this apostrophe mean—O love! thy intenseness pierces my very heart. HENLEY.

212. *Thou dost make possible things not so held;*] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

215. —*credent,*] i. e. credible. See *Measure for Measure*, act iv. line 518. STEEVENS.

223. *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This line seems rather to belong to the preceding short speech of *Polixenes*, than to *Leontes*, STEEVENS.

237. *This squash*] A squash is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. HENLEY.

238. *Will you take eggs for money?*] I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy called *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have *eggs for my money*; I must hang myself." STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed supposes that Leontes here asks his son, *if he would fly from an enemy*; and adduces the following passage to support this sense of the phrase. "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but

but after the first heat *they will take eggs for their money.*" Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World, 4to. 1680, p. 154. EDITOR.

240. — *happy man be his dole!* —] May his dole or share in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"Had the women puddings to their *dole*?"

STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with a similar expression:

"Then *happy man* be his fortune!" MALONE.

256. *Apparent* — — —] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

263. — *the neb,* —] This word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the mouth. So, in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie*, being one of the Tales in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566. — "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads.

STEEVENS.

266. — *a fork'd one,* — — —] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

296. — *it still came home.*] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*.

STEEVENS.

297. — — — *made*

His business more material.] i. e. the more you

you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be, which summoned him away.

STEEVENS.

300. *They're here with me already;—*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

THIRLBY.

—whispering, rounding:] To round in the ear is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book De Ling. Sax.

JOHNSON.

The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So in *Lingua*, 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his history; and rounded Rabelais in the ear, when he historified Pantagruel."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"Forthwith revenge she rounded me i' th' ear."

STEEVENS.

302. *—gust it—*] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus."

Juv. Sat. 10.

MALONE.

308. *—is soaking,—*] Thy conceit is of an absorbent nature, will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning.

STEEVENS.

311. *—lower messes,]* I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. See *Anstis Ord. Gart.* i. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and

sat

sat both at the *first messe*." At every great man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present, placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, *viz.* of sitting below the great salt-cellar placed in the centre of the table, and of having coarser provisions set before them. The former custom is mentioned in the *Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1635 : " Plague him ; set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a subject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as the following instance may prove.

" Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with
moss and stones,

" Partly to make a shew with,

" And partly to keep the *lower mess* from eating."

Woman Hater, act i. sc. 2.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. let. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different prices : " What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylinges, and at the merchaunts tables xvi pence, and at my houshold servantes geve me twelve pence." Inferiority of understanding is, on this occasion, comprehended in the idea of inferiority of rank.

STEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families
of

of our ancient nobility, see *The Houshold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

332. —boxes honesty behind,——] To *hox* is to ham-string. So, in Knolles' *History of the Turks* :

“——alighted, and with his sword *hoxed* his horse.”

King James VI. in his 11th parliament, had an act to punish “*hockares*,” or slayers of horse, oxen, &c.

STEEVENS.

Hoxing is a term still well known to the human brutes in Smithfield-Market. NICHOLS.

349. *Whereof the execution did cry out*

Against the non-performance,—] This means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*.

JOHNSON.

373. —————were sin

As deep as that, tho' true.] i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.

WARBURTON.

376. —————meeting noses?] Dr. Thirlby reads, *meting noses*, that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

382. —the pin and web,——] Disorders in the eye. See *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4. STEEVENS.

412. —a lasting wink;] So, in the *Tempest* :

“To the perpetual *wink*, for aye might put

“This ancient morsel.”—— STEEVENS.

417. —But I cannot, &c.] In former copies,

—————But I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

So sovereignly being honourable,

I have lov'd thee.——

Leo. *Make that thy question, and go not?*

Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by saying, *Make that thy question, i. e.* make the love of which you boast the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it. *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Measure for Measure*: “But in the loss of question;” *i. e.* in conversation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet*: “questionable shape” is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in *As You Like It*: “an unquestionable spirit” is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with.

STEEVENS.

420. *I have lov'd thee*——] In the first and second folio these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

Make that thy question, and go not!——I have lov'd thee.

TYRWHITT.

429. *Could man so blench?*] To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. So, in *Hamlet*, p. 68, line 744:

“If he but *blench*,

“I know my course.——”

Leontes means—could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?

STEEVENS.

457. ——*If I could find example, &c.*] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play there-

fore

fore was written in king James's time.

BLACKSTONE.

480. *How! dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?*

Be intelligent to me.——] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?*

TYRWHITT.

499. *In whose success we are gentle;——]* I know not whether success here does not mean succession.

JOHNSON,

Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1631:

“And make thee gentle, being born a beggar.”

In whose success we are gentle, may mean, in consequence of whose success in life, &c. STEEVENS.

Success seems clearly to have been used for succession by Shakspeare, in this, as in other instances.

HENLEY.

520. *I am appointed, Him to murder you.] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you.* STEEVENS.

526. *To vice you to't,——]* i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the tempter to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: “*If he come but within my vice,*” &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakspeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in

C

Holinshed,

Holinshed, p. 945: "—the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverse *vices* to moove the eyes and lips," &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to *advise* you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. let. no date:

"Then said the emperour Ernis,

"Methinketh thou sayest a good *vyce*."

My first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best:

STEEVENS.

530. —did betray *the best*!] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter, thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

HENDERSON.

541. —————whose foundation

Is pil'd upon his faith,——] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.

STEEVENS.

562. —and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine.——] That is, Wherever thou art, I will still be near thee.

MALONE.

572. *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*

The gracious queen;——] *Comfort* is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. *Good expedition*, befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy—the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion.

We meet a similar phraseology in *Twelfth Night*:

"Do

“ Do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*” MALONE.

ACT II.

Line 33. *A sad tale's best for winter:]* Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This supposition may be countenanced by a passage in our author's 98th Sonnet:

“ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“ Could make me any *Summer's story* tell.”

STEEVENS.

48. *In my just censure! in my true opinion!]* Censure, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glasse*, 1576:

“ Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book.”

MALONE.

49. *Alack, for lesser knowledge!—]* That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

51. *—spider—]* That spiders were esteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair, “ the countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* I could,

&c. Accordingly I bought *seven*. *great spiders*
and *cantharides*." HENDERSON.

56. ——— *violent hefts* ; ———] *Hefts* are heavings,
what is heaved up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' *Trans-*
lation of Lucan, 1614 :

" But if a part of heav'n's huge sphere

" Thou chuse thy pond'rous *heft* to beare."

STEEVENS.

61. *He hath discover'd my design, and I*

Remain a pinch'd thing ; ———] The sense, I
think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and
I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched
out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate
as they please. REVISAL.

The same expression occurs in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a
novel by one John Hinde, 1606: " Sith then, Cleo-
dora, thou art *pinched*, and hast none to pity thy
passions, dissemble thy affection, though it cost thee
thy life." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:
" Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with so
many passions," &c. These instances may serve to
shew that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified
meaning than it appears to have at present. Spenser,
in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 12. has equipped *grief*
with a pair of *pincers* :

" A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,

" With which he *pinched* people to the heart."

The sense proposed by the author of the *Revisal*, may,
however, be supported by the following passage in
the *City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639 :

" ——— *Pinch'd*

"———*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid

"Like fishes, fowls, or faces." STEEVENS.

89. ———*for calumny will sear*

Virtue itself.——] That is, will *stigmatize* or *brand* it as infamous.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"My maiden's name *sear'd*

"Otherwise."

HENLEY.

97. ———*you, my lord,*

Do but mistake.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio:

"———Should the bravest man,

"That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper

"What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:

"My friend may be mistaken." STEEVENS.

108. *A federary with her;——*] A *federary* is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

110. *But with her most vile principal,——*] One that knows what Hermione should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here used for *alone*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene:

"He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,

"*But* that he speaks."

MALONE.

120. ———if I mistake———

The centre, &c.———] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

124. *He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,*

But that he speaks,] *Far off guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *King Henry V.*

“Or shall we sparingly shew you *far off*”

“The dauphin’s meaning?” MALONE.

143. ———*this action,*——] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer’s sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation.* JOHNSON.

158. ———*I’ll keep my stable where*

I lodge my wife;——] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand, under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stable*; and it may, perhaps, be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable-stand*, HANMER.

There

There is no need of Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567 :

“ Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a
stable.” STEEVENS.

160. Than *when I feel*——] The old copy reads—*Then when I feel*, &c. I am aware, *than* was formerly spelt *then*; but here, perhaps, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

169. ——*land-damn him* :——] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stops his urine*. *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

Land-damn is, probably, one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn him* to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

Land-damn him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth*.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. It must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant* is true. I meet with the following instance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639 :

“ Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant*
in't.”

And, in Shakspeare's time, to drink a lady's health in
urine

urine appears to have been esteemed an act of gallantry. One instance (for I could produce many) may suffice: "Have I not religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glasses, *drank urine*, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?" *Antigonus*, on this occasion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It should be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently signified to *condemn*. So, in *Promas and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*, act iv. scene 1.

"He shall not live; look, with a spot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

That will be damn'd for it; would I knew the villain, I would land-damn him:] I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that the Printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line.—What the poet's word was, it is difficult to conjecture; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

"O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold," &c.

Perhaps we should read—*land-dam*, i. e. kill him; bury him in earth.

So, in Kendall's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The corps clapt fast in clotter'd *claye*,

"That here engrav'd doth lie."—

MALONE.

By adding only the third part of a letter, I believe
the

the original reading may be recovered. This expression cannot be so properly called a *pun*, as an *antiphrasis*, on the word *damn*. Perhaps the poet, who was no slave to orthography, wrote DAMM for DAM. —To *land-dam* may here signify to fix upright alive in the earth.—The same idea occurs elsewhere; with an addition indeed, not suited to the present occasion, —“ of being bowled to death with turnips.”

HENLEY.

171. *The second, and the third, nine, and some five.*] This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both “ *the second and the third.*” But it is sufficiently clear, *reforendo singula singulis*. *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old.*

The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *King Lear* :

“ For that I am, *some twelve or fourteen moon-shines,*

“ Lag of a brother.”

MALONE.

The second folio reads, *sonnes five.*

REED.

175. *And I had rather glib myself, &c.*] *Glib* is at this time current in many countries, where they say —to *glib a boar*, to *glib a horse*. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:

“ If I come back, let me be *glib'd.*”

STEEVENS.

181. *Striking his brows.*] This stage direction is not in the old copy. I doubt its propriety. Leontes might feel a stroke upon his brows, but could not

see the instruments that feel, i. e. his brows.

TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's former edition reads—sinking his brows, which I corrected into *striking*. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm*. Some stage direction seems necessary, but what it should be, is not very easy to decide.

STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, touches the forehead of *Antigonus* with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a SNAIL'S HORNS; for these, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are the instruments that feel, to which he alluded.—There is a similar reference in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, from whence the present direction of *striking his brows* seems to have been adopted:—“he so takes on—so curses all Eve's daughters, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*” — The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense.

HENLEY.

209. —ought for approbation,

But only seeing,—] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*.

JOHNSON.

217. —stuff'd sufficiency;—] That is, of abilities more than enough.

JOHNSON.

227. Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.——] He has before declared, that there is a plot against his life

life and crown, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

269. *These dangerous, unsafe lunes o' the king!—*] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a *modé* of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*; (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. “*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête.*” Richelet.

THEOBALD.

A similar expression occurs in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608: “I know 'twas but some pceevish moon in him.” *Lunes*, however, were part of the accoutrements of a hawk. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*: “—yea, in seeking to unloose the *lunes*, the more she was intangled.” STEEVENS.

314. —————out of the blank

And level of my brain,——] Beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

381. *And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.*] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser.

JOHNSON.

This is scarcely accurate. The *worst man*, as applied by Paulina, means, *the least expert in the use of arms*. HENLEY.

390. *A mankind witch!—*] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent,

lent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, “*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*” Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599 :

“That e’er I should be seen to strike a woman.—

“Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may’st strike her.” STEEVENS.

399. —[*thou art woman-tyr’d* ;—] *Woman-tyr’d* is *peck’d* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—So, in *The Widow’s Tears*, by Chapman, 1612 :

“He has given me a bone to *tire* on.”

Again, in Decker’s *Match me in London*, 1631 :

“—the vulture *tires*

“Upon the eagle’s heart.”

Again, in Heywood’s *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

“Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh.”

Parlet is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

Woman-tyr’d is, simply, *hen-pecked*. EDITOR.

401. —[*thy crone.*] *i. e.* thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. So, in *Love’s Mistress*, by T. Heywood, 1636 :

“Witch

"Witch and hag, crone and beldam."

STEEVENS.

403. *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness]

Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced is false*, uttered with violence to truth.

JOHNSON.

432. ———his smiles ;] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*.

STEEVENS.

437. *No yellow in't ;* ———] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

JOHNSON.

So, Nym says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : " I will possess him with *yellowness*."

STEEVENS.

440. *And, lozel,* ———] " A *lozel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." *Verstigan's Institution*, 1634, p. 385.

REED.

507. —swear by this sword,] See a note on *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

STEEVENS.

522. *commend it strangely to some place,*] Commit to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.

JOHNSON.

ACT III.

Line 2. *FERTILE the isle;—*] In the *History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, the queen desires the king to send “six of his nobles, whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos,” &c. STEEVENS.

17. *The time is worth the use on't.*] *The time worth the use on't*, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delphos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

34. *Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—*] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Justice*, seems to unite both senses. HENLEY.

44. *—pretence—*] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

52. *—mine integrity, &c.*] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falschood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, act v.

“He says, thou told'st him that his wife was
false.”

Again :

“—Thou

“ ———Thou art rash as fire,

“ To say that she was *false*.” MALONE.

68. ———*For life, I prize it, &c.*] *Life* is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me, I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

69. *I would spare:—*] To spare any thing is, to let it go, to quit the possession of it. JOHNSON.

70. *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, chap. iii. verse 41. cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: “The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children.” STEEVENS,

74. ———*Since he came,*

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus?—] The sense seems to be this:—*What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

“ ———a noble nature

“ May catch a wrench.” *Timon*.

An *uncurrent encounter* seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell, Earl of Essex*:

“ Yet these encounters thrust me not *awry*.”

The sense would then be:—In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass.

Mrs. Ford talks of—some strain in her character;

Dij

and

and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs :

“ ——strain your loves

“ With any base, or hir'd persuasions.”

To *strain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ As wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course.”

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye. STEEVENS.

To *strain*, I believe, here signifies to *swerve*. The word occurs again nearly in the same sense in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Nor aught so good but *strain'd* from that fair use,

“ Revolts——”

A *bed-swever* has already occurred in this play.

MALONE.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Mr. Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

81. I ne'er heard yet,

That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gain-say what they did,

Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that

according to the proper, at least according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language two negatives did not originally

originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained, but through an intermediate confusion.

JOHNSON.

“ I never heard, says Leontes, that any of these greater offenders wanted (*i. e.* were deficient in) less impudence to deny their crime than to commit it. You therefore, he means to tell the queen, who have had sufficient impudence to do what I charge you with, can be at no loss for impudence to deny it.”

REMARKS.

110. *My life stands in the level of your dreams.*] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, to be *within the reach*.

JOHNSON.

114. ——— *As you were past all shame,*

(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;]

I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place.

JOHNSON.

Those of your fact are so.——I should guess *set* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. act ii. line 480 :

In Middleton's *Mad World my Masters*, a courtezan says : “ It is the easiest art and cunning for our *set* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well.”

FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff speaking to Doll Tearsheet : “ So is all her *set* : if they be once in a calm, they are sick.”

sick." *Those of your fact* may, however, mean—those who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

130. *Starr'd most unluckily,——*] *i. e.* born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

137. *I have got strength of limit.——*] I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*. And now, &c. JOHNSON.

I have got strength of limit.——] From the following passage in the black letter history of *Titana and Theseus* (of which I have no earlier edition than that in 1636), it appears that *limit* was anciently used for *limb*:

"——thought it very strange that nature should endow so fair a face with so hard a heart, such comely *limits* with such perverse conditions."

STEEVENS.

Limits, in this passage, signifies *exteriors*, and not *limbs*.

HENLEY.

154. *The flatness of my misery;——*] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. II.

"——Thus repuls'd, our final hope

"Is *flat* despair."

MALONE.

165. *Hermione is chaste, &c.*] This is taken almost literally from Lodge's Novel:

"*The Oracle*.

"Suspicion is no prooffe: jealousy is an unequal judge. Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless;

Franion

Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." MALONE.

179. *Of the queen's speed,*————] *Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill.*

JOHNSON.

205. ————*and to the certain hazard*

Of all incertainties himself commended,] The old copy reads—and to the hazard.—The defect in the metre shews clearly that some word of two syllables was omitted by the transcriber or compositor. *Certain* was added by the editor of the second folio; and is less likely to have been the epithet applied to "hazard," than almost any that can be named. *Fearful* appears to me to have a much better claim to a place in the text.

Commended is here, as in a former scene, used for *committed*.

MALONE.

208. *Through my dark rust!*——] The word *dark* is not in the original copy, being like that just mentioned, an arbitrary addition made by the editor of the second folio, who did not perceive that *through* was printed erroneously for *thorough*, a word as frequently used in our author's time as the other. There is clearly no need of any other amendment. Shakspeare seldom deals in such common-place epithets as that which has been unnecessarily introduced in this line.

MALONE.

209. *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession

confession of more crimes than he was suspected of; is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

224. *That thou betrayd'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful:—*] *It shew'd
thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.*

JOHNSON.

227. *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgot this circumstance.

MALONE.

231. ————*tho' a devil*

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:]
i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed such an action.

STEEVENS.

261. *I am sorry for't:]* This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

JOHNSON.

288. *Thou art perfect then,—*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain, well assured, or well-informed.*

JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers.

STEEVENS.

337. —*thy character:—*] i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita:—"the letters of Antigonus

Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his character."

STEEVENS.

346. ——— *A savage clamour!* ———] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*.

JOHNSON.

360. ——— *a barne! a very pretty barne!* ———] *i. e.* child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"Peace wayward *barne*; O cease thy moan,

"Thy far more wayward daddy's gone."

It is a north-country word. *Barnes* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*.

STEEVENS.

398. Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the clown had just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*, and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*.

THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or, perhaps, Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old man*, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd, who had never seen him.

STEEVENS.

406. ——— *a bearing-cloth* ———] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered,

covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized.

PERCY.

411. *You're a made old man ;—*] In former copies :—*You're a mad old man ; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !—* This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad old man*. I have ventured to correct in the text—*You're a made old man : i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure.* So our poet, in a number of other passages.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel : “ The good man desired his wife to be quiet : if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever”

FARMER.

ACT IV.

Line 2. ——— *THAT* make, and unfold error——] *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

STEEVENS.

8. ——— *that I slide*

O'er sixteen years,———] This trespass, in respect

spect of dramattick unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous Lilly's *Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the Prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. The author was applauded and very liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years, Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lilly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed), had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the drama. It must be owned, therefore, that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children

children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c.—This quotation will serve to shew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws; but, like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art.

STEEVENS.

6. ———and leave the growth untry'd

Of that wide gap;——] The growth of the wide gap, is somewhat irregular; but he means, the growth, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To leave this growth untried, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage :

"I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,

"As you had slept between."

So, in *Pericles*, 1609 :

"Now to Marina bend your mind,

"Whom our fast-growing scene must find."

MALONE.

7. ———since it is in my power, &c.] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws, may now break another;

that

that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita on her sixteenth year; and he entreats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods.

JOHNSON.

19. ————*imagine me,*

Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia;—] Time is every where

alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate,

—————*imagine we,*

Gentle spectators, that you now may be, &c.

Let us imagine that you, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia.

JOHNSON.

29. *Is the argument of time:—]* Argument is the same with subject.

JOHNSON.

36. *It is fifteen years—]* We should read—
sixteen. Time has just said,

—————*that I slide*

O'er sixteen years—

Again, act v. sc. 8. "Which lets go by some sixteen years."

Again, *ibid*: "——Which sixteen winters cannot blow away."

STEEVENS.

51. ————*and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.—]* This is nonsense. We should read,—
reaping friendships.

WARBURTON.

I see not that the present reading is nonsense: the sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern

ears, is not very obscure. *To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendships. That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage; that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships; as I confer favours on thee, I shall increase the friendship between us.*

JOHNSON.

63. —but I have, missingly, noted,—] *Missingly noted*, means, I have observed him at intervals; not constantly or regularly, but occasionally.

STEEVENS.

78. —But, I fear, the angle—] *Angle*, in this place, means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*

“—————he did win

“The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.”

STEEVENS.

88. —Autolycus—] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father :

“*Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus.*” Martial.

STEEVENS.

91. *For the red blood reigns in the winter pale.*] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations; but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has, “the *winter's pale*,” and the meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now reigns o'er

the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspere's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it. In *King Henry V.* our author says,

"——the English breach

"*Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in another of his plays :

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips."

Holinshed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aston, "Lieutenant of the English *pale*, for the earle of Summer-set." Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part I.

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale*."

STEEVENS.

By the *red blood's reigning in the winter pale*, I believe no more is meant than that, in the *sweet of the year*, the cheek, which during winter was of a *wax hue*, becomes *flushed with blushes*. The mention of the *white sheet bleaching on the hedge*, with the effects which the sight of it produces, are a full confirmation of this sense.

HENLEY.

94. ——*pugging tooth*——] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies.

JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces, and *progging* by Beaumont and Fletcher in

the *Spanish Curate*. And a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

“ Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*,
curbers.”

See *Prigging* in *Minshew*.

STEEVENS.

Such expressions as a *colt's tooth*, &c. are well understood.—A *peg-top* is called in the west of England a *pug-top*. There can scarce be a doubt that *pugging* is the original word. Those who wish a further explanation, may refer to Skinner, under the word *Pugs*.

HENLEY.

96. *The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,*]

— — — — —
La gentille allouette avec son *tire-lire*

Tire lire a lirè et tire-lirant rire

Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce
lieu

Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu !

Du Bartas.

Ecce suum tirile tirile : suum tirile tractat.

Linnaei Fauna Suecica.

T. H. W.

98. ———my aunts,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy called, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense :—“ It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every
one

one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." STEEVENS.

101. —wore three-pile ;—] *i. e.* rich velvet. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——— and line them

"With black, crimson, and tawny *three-pil'd velvet*." STEEVENS.

110. *My traffick is sheets ;—*] *i. e.* I am a vender of sheet-ballads and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheets* the poet takes occasion to quibble.

"Our fingers are lime-twigs, and barbers we be,

"To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see." *Three Ladies of London*, 1584.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*:

"To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheet." STEEVENS.

111. *My father nam'd me, Autolycus, &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech, is taken from Lucian, who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date.

STEEVENS.

113. — *With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison*; —] *i. e.* with gaming and whoring I brought myself to this shabby dress.

PERCY.

114. — *my revenue is the silly cheat.* —] The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *pick-ing pockets*.

STEEVENS.

115. *Gallows, and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft.

JOHNSON.

119. — *Every eleven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling.*] This passage appears to me unintelligible from a variety of mistakes. In the first place, no reason, I believe, can be assigned for the clown's choosing so singular a number as *eleven* to form his calculation upon, in estimating the value of fifteen hundred fleeces. It is much more probable that, like Justice Shallow, he should have counted his wethers by the *score*. In the first folio, the only authentick ancient copy of this play, there is no appearance of elision, the word being printed thus, with a capital letter; — *Every Leaven* weather, &c.

I suppose

I suppose that Shakspeare wrote—"Every—*living* wether," &c. the only profit that arises from sheep, while they are *living*, being their fleeces.

The other error seems to have arisen from our author's not having made the proper calculation. In his "*sallad days*," (his father being a dealer in wool) he was perhaps not unacquainted with this subject; but having at a subsequent period discharged such matters from his mind, he probably left blanks in his MS. intending to fill them up, when he should have gained the necessary information; and afterwards forgot them. The whole passage therefore should, I think, be printed thus: "Every—*living* wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn," &c. MALONE.

119. —*tods*;—] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

129. ———*three-man-song-men all*———] *i. e.* singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "—call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man song*." Before the comedy of the *Gentle Craft*, or the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, some of these *three-man songs* are printed. STEEVENS.

130. ———*means, and bases*:—] *Means* are tenors.

STEEVENS.

133. ———*warden-pies*;—] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present;

sent: it however afforded Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

“A deputy tart, a church-warden pye.”

It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

“I would have had him roasted like a warden,

“In brown paper.”

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*.

STEEVENS.

138. *I' the name of me*——] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard used. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek;—“Before *me*, she's a good wench.”

STEEVENS.

174. ——*with trol-my-dames*:——] *Trou-madame*, French.

WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone bathes*, he says: “The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion, the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed.”

FARMER.

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. So, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

“Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got

“Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes*.”

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

“What

“What quicksands he finds out, as dice, cards,
pigeon-holes.” STEEVENS.

180. —*abide*.] To *abide*, here, must signify,
to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habi-
tation. JOHNSON.

183. —*motion of the prodigal son*, —] i. e. the
puppet shews, then called *motions*. A term frequently
occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

188. —*prig! for my life, Prig!* —] In the
canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and
therefore in the *Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and
Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar.

WHALLEY.

210. —*let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the
book of virtue!*] Begging gypsies, in the time of our
author, were in gangs and companies, that had some-
thing of the shew of an incorporated body. From
this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he
does not so and so.

WARBURTON.

212. *Jog on, jog on, &c.*] These lines, as Mr.
Reed informs us, are a part of a catch printed in “*An
Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded
of witty Ballads, jovial Songs, and merry Catches, 1661,*”
4to. p. 69.

EDITOR.

213. *And merrily hend the stile-a:]* To *hent* the
stile, is to take hold of it. To *hent* comes from
the Saxon *hentan*. So, in the old romance of *Guy
Earl of Warwick*, bl. let. no date:

“So by the armes *hent* good Guy.”

Again:

“And

“And some by the brydle him *hent*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. ch. 7.

“Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.”

STEVENS.

222. ————*your extremes*,————] That is, your excesses, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

224. *The gracious mark o' the land*,——] The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

226. ————*prank'd up*.————] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“For they do *prank* them in authority.”

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

“I pray you go *prank* you.” STEVENS.

229. ————*sworn*, I think,

To shew myself a glass.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend, before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty, of the character.

WARRBURTON.

229. ————*his work, so noble, &c.*] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor.

JOHNSON.

This

This allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
“ To beautify him only lacks a *cover*.”

Again :

“ That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
“ That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story.”

STEEVENS.

244. ———— *The gods themselves,*

Humbling their deities, &c.] This is taken almost literally from the novel : “ And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd’s weed.—The heavenly gods have some time earthly thought; Neptune became a ram; Jupiter, a bull; Apollo, a shepherd: they gods; and yet in love—thou a man, appointed to love.” Green’s *Dorastus and Faunia*, 1592.

MALONE.

252. Nor in a way——.] i. e. Nor any way.

REMARKS.

255. O, but, dear sir,] *Dear* is an arbitrary and unnecessary interpolation, made by the editor of the second folio. Perdita, in the former part of this scene, addresses Florizel in the same manner as here : “ Sir, my gracious lord,” &c. We have only to regulate the lines thus, to complete the metre :

———O but, sir, your

Resolution cannot hold, when ’tis, &c.

tion in resolution, perfection, and many similar words, is used by our author as a dissyllable. So, in the preceding speech, *transformation*. For the separation
of

of the pronominal adjective from the noun, precedents may likewise be found in these plays. MALONE.

298. *For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :*

Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,]

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents : “ There’s *rosemary*, that’s for *remembrance*. There’s *rue* for you : we may call it herb of *grace*.” The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *savour* appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the enigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by lady M. W. Montague. HENLEY.

300. *Grace and remembrance, ——]* *Rue* was called *herb of Grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance ; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick. STEEVENS.

312. *There is an art, &c.]* This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

331. *——dibble——]* An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

348. ————O Proserpina,

*For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon!——]* So Ovid :

“ ————ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,

“ *Collecti flores tunicis cecidère remissis.*”

STEEVENS.

352. ————violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image : but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*.

JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, v. 1358 :

“ This Troilus full oft her *eyin two*

“ Gan for to kisse,” &c.

Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the possession of Mr. Strut the engraver :

“ O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,

“ But let me kisse thine *eyes*, my sweete delight.”

p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

—————Βῶπις ποτνια Ἥρη.

Homer.

STEEVENS.

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid* :

F

“ Upon

" Upon her eye-lids many graces sate,

" Under the shadow of her even brows."

Færy Queen, B. II. c. iii. st. 95.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

" When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear

" An hundred graces as in shade they sit."

MALONE.

" It was an ancient custom in the east, and still continues, to tinge the eyes of women with an impalpable powder, prepared chiefly from crude antimony, and called *surmeh*. Ebni'l Motezz, in a passage translated by Sir W. Jones, hath not only ascertained its *purple* colour; but also likened the *violet* to it:

" VIOLA collegit folia sua, similia

" COLLYRIO NIGRO, quod bibit lachrymas
die discessûs,

" Velut si esset super vasa in quibus fulgent

" PRIMÆ IGNIS FLAMMULÆ IN SULPHURIS
EXTREMIS PARTIBUS."

" This pigment, when applied to the inner surface of the lids, communicates to the eye so tender and fascinating a languor, as no language is competent to express. Hence the epithet ΙΟΒΛΕΦΑΡΟΣ, attributed by the Greeks to the GODDESS OF BEAUTY; and the Arabian comparison of the *eye-lids* of a fine woman bathed in tears, to *violets* dropping with dew."

Perhaps also Shakspere's

" —————violets dim—

" But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.—

" Should be *automat* ly referred to the same origin."

Notes on the History of the Caliph Vathek, p. 235.

364. ———not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms——] So, Mar-
 ston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“*Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

“*Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my
arms.”

There is no earlier edition of the *Winter's Tale* than
 that in 1623. MALONE.

377. ————*Each your doing,*] That is,
 your mannner in each act crowns the act.

JOHNSON,

382. ————*but that your youth,*
And the true blood which peeps fairly through
it,] So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and*
Leander :

“Through whose white skin, sofser than soundest
 sleep,

“With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peep.”

This poem was certainly published before 1600, being
 frequently quoted in a collection of verses entitled
England's Parnassus, printed in that year. From that
 collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the two
 first Sestiads, and about 100 lines of the third, and
 that the remainder was written by Chapman. Of the
Winter's Tale there is no earlier edition than that of
 the folio 1623. MALONE.

387. *I think, you have*
As little skill to fear.——] *To have skill to do*
a thing, was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to*
have a reason to do a thing. WARBURTON.

392. Per. *I'll swear for 'em.*] I fancy this half-line is placed to a wrong person. And that the king begins his speech aside :

Pol. *I'll swear for 'em,*

This is the prettiest, &c.

JOHNSON,

We should doubtless read thus :

I'll swear for one.

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is absolutely necessary. This seems the easiest, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character.

REMARKS.

404. ————— *we stand, &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.

JOHNSON.

408. *They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself*] The old copy reads——“and boasts.”—I suppose our author wrote

They call him Doricles; 'a boasts himself, &c.

STEEVENS.

409. ————— *a worthy feeding: —————*] Certainly *breeding*.

WARBURTON:

I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

“Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd

“To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd.”

Again, in the sixth song of the *Polyolbion* :

“—————so much that do rely

“Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility.”

STEEVENS,

411. *He looks like sooth:—*] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. So, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“Thou dost dissemble, but I mean good *sooth*.”

STEEVENS.

429. —doleful *matter* merrily *set down*;] This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambises*, “A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *Mirth*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

436. —of *dil-do's*—] “With a hie *dildo* dill” is the burthen of the *Batchelor's Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the *Tune* of it.

STEEVENS.

—*fa-dings*:—] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*:

“—and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jig.”

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

“But under her coats the ball be found.—

“With a *fading*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's 97th epigram:

“See you yond motion? not the old *fading*.”

STEEVENS.

439. —*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of “*Oh! do me no harme, good man*.”

FARMER.

448. —*caddisses*,—] I do not exactly know what *caddisses* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters says:—"I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*."

In the *First Part of K. Henry IV.* I have supposed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *six footmen in caddis*, is meant six footmen with their liveries laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was parti-coloured, it might have received its title from *cadese*, the ancient name for a *daw*. STEEVENS.

457. —*sleeve-band*,—] Is put very probably by Sir T. Hanmer; it was before *sleeve-hand*.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 313: "A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*," is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." I conceive, that the *work about the square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of *Tasso*, B. XII. st. 64.

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,

"Her curious *square*, imboss'd with swelling gold."

I should

I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakspeare.

TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he says,

“ Their smockes are all bewrought about the
necke and *hande*.” STEEVENS.

468. ——— *poking-sticks of steel*,] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: “ Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands.”

These *poking-sticks* are several times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, second part; and in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare. In the books of the Stationers-Company, July 1590, was entered “ A ballat entituled Blewe Starche and *Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London.”

Stowe informs us, that “ about the sixteenth yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone.” STEEVENS.

489. Clamour *your tongues*,—] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes

comes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. *The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 7.

"Ben. ——— If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he diès, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring and the widow weeps.

"Beat. And how long is that, think you?

"Ben. Question; why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum."

GREY.

491. — you promis'd me a *tawdry lace*, and a pair of sweet gloves.] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in Skinner, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriæ, seu fasciolæ, ematæ, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, Aprill;

"And gird in your waste,

"For more finenesse, with a *tawdrie lace*."

As to the other present, promised by the Clown to Mopsa, of sweet, or perfumed gloves, they are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Stowe's

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tustes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*."

Stowe's Annals by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

WARTON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*."

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four Ps.* 1599:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,

"*Laces round and flat for women's heads.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides
make

"Them *tawdries* for their necks."

In

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth song :

“ ———not the smallest beck,

“ But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for
her neck.” STEEVENS.

517. ———*a ballad, of a fish*———] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play:——“Such a deal of wonders is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it.” STEEVENS.

521. ———for] *i. e.* because. REED.

553. ———*sad*———] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

566. *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To utter.
To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

567. *Masters, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds,———*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called *four* threes of *herdsmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdsmen*? At least, they have not the final syllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakspeare intended
all

all the *four threes* should have. I therefore guess he wrote:—*Master, there are three goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the *four species* of cattle usually tended by *herdsmen*.
THROBALD.

474. —*bowling*—] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility.
JOHNSON.

587. Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the king in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased*. Yet the Oxford editor, I can't tell why, gives this line to Florizel, since Florizel and the old man were not in conversation.
WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the king seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old shepherd, and should not be uttered aside.

REMARKS.

609. ————*or the fann'd snow*] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“That pure congealed white, high Taurus’
snow,

“*Fann'd* by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

“When thou hold'st up thy hand.”

STEEVENS.

657. ————*dispute his own estate?*] Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecility, lunacy, &c.
CHAMIER.

697. *Far than*————] I think for *far than we*
should

should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin ever so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all.

JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of Glocester and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*.

“But er I bere thee moche *ferre*.”

H. of Fa. B. II. v. 99.

“Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

Knight's Tale, 2062.

TYRWHITT.

709. *I was not much affeard, &c.*] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king had not become her education.

WARBURTON.

710. *I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,*

The self same sun, that shines upon his court,

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on both alike.] So, in *NOSCE TRIPSUM*,

a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599 :

“Thou, like the sunne, dost with indifferent ray,

“Into the palace and the cottage shine.”

MALONE.

722. *You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.*]

These sentiments, which the poet has heightened by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize

characterize the speaker ; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita ; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*.
WARBURTON.

727. Where no *priest shovels in dust*.——] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time : it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI.
FARMER.

That is—on pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c.
HENLEY.

753. And *mar the seeds within*!——] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ And nature's *germins* tumble all together.”

STEEVENS.

757. ——and by my *fancy* :——] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.
JOHNSON.

So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.”

STEEVENS.

776. And, most *opportune* to our need,——] The old copy has—*her* need. This necessary emendation was made, I believe, by Mr. Pope.
MALONE.

826. *Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies*] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them.
JOHNSON.

849. *Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down.*

*The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say ;—————*] That is, at every audience you shall have of the king and council. The council-days, in our author's time, were called, in common speech, *the sittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York."

FARMER.

869. *But not take in the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

"He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,

"And *take in* Toryne."

STEEVENSON.

To *take in*, is simply to include, or comprehend.

HENLEY.

894. ———*I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander,——*] From the mention of his *trumpery*, *counterfeit stones*, &c. it appears that the wares of Autolycus were all *braided*.

HENLEY.

A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, entitled, *Certain necessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing Infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

In *Lingua*, or a *Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607, is the following receipt given, act iv. sc. 3.

"Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this,

4.

Take

Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleans'd and steep'd seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civit and musk. Incorporate them together and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog."

The speaker represents ODOR. STEEVENS.

909. —as if my trinkets had been hallowed,—] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

982. —boot.] That is, *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

987. —If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:—] This is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer, instead of, *if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I'd not do it*. JOHNSON.

1020. —pedlar's excrement—] Is pedlar's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,

"Not a hair, not an excrement."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"—dally with my excrement, with my mustachio."

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*: "Why is Time such a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?" STEEVENS.

1034. — *therefore they do not give us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lye, they *sell* it us. JOHNSON.

1048. *insinuate*, or *toze*—] The first folio reads, *at toaze*; the second—or *toaze*. To *tease*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

— *Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee, &c.*] To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ With death she humbly doth *insinuate*,

“ Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,

“ His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.”

The word *toaze* is used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

“ — We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,

“ But we will know this purpose.” MALONE.

: To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposites. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

“ ————— close the serpent sly

“ *Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine

“ His braided train, and of his fatal guile

“ Gave proof unheeded. —————

Par. Lost, B. IV. l. 347.

“ —————coarse complexions,

“ And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply

“ The sampler, —and to *tease* the housewife's wool.” *Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

1051. *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;—*]

As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

1061. ———a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says,

“ He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mess.” JOHNSON.

1097. ———the hottest day, &c.] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. JOHNSON.

1104. ———being something gently considered,—] Means, I having a gentleman-like consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ ———sure, sir, I'll consider it hereafter if I can.

“ What, consider me? dost thou think that I am a bribe-taker?”

Again, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1633: “ Thou shalt be well considered, there's twenty crowns in earnest.”

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 12. **I**N former editions :

*Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.*

Paul. *Too true, my lord :*] A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that *true*, here, has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

THEOBALD.

16. *Or, from the All that are, took something good,*] This is a favourite thought ; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before.

JOHNSON.

36. *Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?*] i. e. at rest ; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead :

“ *Mess. First, madam, he is well.*

“ *Cleop. Why there's more gold ; but sirrah, mark ;*

“ *We use to say, the dead are well ; bring it to that,*

“ *The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour*

“ *Down thy ill-uttering throat.*”

In *King Henry IV. Part II.*

“ *Ch. Just. How does the king ?*

“ *War. Exceeding well. His cares are now all ended,*

“ *Ch. Just. I hope not dead.*

“ *War. He's walk'd the way of nature.*”

MALONE.

This

This phrase seems to have been adopted from scripture. See 2 Kings iv. 26. HENLEY,

67. ————*would make her sainted spirit, &c.*] In the old copies,

———*would make her sainted spirit*

Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,

(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vext,

And begin, &c.

'Tis obvious, that the grammar is defective; and the sense consequently wants supporting. The slight change I have made cures both: and, surely, 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for the king to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost with the subject of a second match; rather than in general terms to call themselves *offenders, sinners.*

THEOBALD.

The revisal reads :

Were we offenders now——

very reasonably.

JOHNSON

We might read, changing the place of one word only :

———*would make her sainted spirit*

Again possess her corps; and on this stage

(Where we offenders now appear, soul-vext)

Begin—And why to me ?——

The blunders of the folio are so numerous, that it should seem, when a word dropt out of the press, they were careless into which line they inserted it.

STEEVENS,

I believe

I believe no change is necessary. If, instead of being repeated, the word *appear* be understood, as, by an obvious ellipsis, it may, the sense will be sufficiently clear.

HENLEY.

72. *She had just cause.*] The first and second folio read—*she had just such cause.*

REED.

91. *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is to meet.

JOHNSON.

121. ———— *Sir, you yourself*

Have said, and writ so ;———] The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows that, *she had not been——equall'd.*

JOHNSON.

255. *Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,*] The king means, that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty.

JOHNSON.

332. ———— *with clipping her.——*] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney*:

“He, who before shun’d her, to shun such harms,

“Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms.”

STEEVENS.

335. ———— *weather-beaten——*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy—*weather-bitten.* *Hamlet* says: “The air *bites* shrewdly;” and the Duke, in *As You Like It*:——“when it *bites* and blows.” *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather.

STEEVENS.

Weather-

Weather-beaten was introduced, I think, improperly, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

——*the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit*] Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-bitten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“How now? a *conduit*, girl? what still in tears?

“Evermore showering?” HENLEY.

369. ——*most marble, there——*] i. e. most petrified with wonder. STEEVENS.

I rather think *marble* here means *hard-hearted, unfeeling*. MALONE.

This explanation may be right, So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“——now from head to foot

“I am *marble* constant.” STEEVENS.

376. ——*that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;—*] Mr. Theobald says: *All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artist in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our author. But he is ever the unluckiest of all criticks when he passes judgment on beauties and defects. The passage happens to be quite unworthy Shakspeare. 1st, He makes his speaker say, that was Julio Romano the God of nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile nature of her custom. 2dly, He makes*

makes of this famous painter, a *statuary*; I suppose confounding him with Michael Angelo; but, what is worst of all, a *painter of statues*, like Mrs. Salmon of her wax-work. WARBURTON.

Poor Theobald's encomium on this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excellence; yet a little candour will clear Shakspeare from part of the impropriety imputed to him. By *eternity* he means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*; and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature.

JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut, in the *Magickal Lady*, act v. sc. 8. say:

“—all city statues must be painted,
“Else they be worth nought i' their subtile judgments.”

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins

veins *verily* seem to bear blood, as the poet expresses it afterwards.

TOLLET.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis, in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

There were other notices on this subject (and one of them in particular referring to Plato, not less to the purpose than any thing in Junius) intended for a note on this text, but suppressed; nor without reason; for Shakspeare was not likely to have learnt from Pausanias, Herodotus, or Plato, that, of which Warburton was so grossly ignorant. He nevertheless must have known that it was customary both before, and in his own time, to paint in their proper colours the monumental portraits on the tombs of the great.—That of Lord Surrey the poet, in the chancel at Framlingham, is particularly deserving a stranger's attention.

HENLEY.

378. — *of her custom,* —] That is, *of her trade,*
—would draw her customers from her.

JOHNSON.

389. *Who would be thence, that hast the benefit of access?—*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative; for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

440. *—franklins say it,—*] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

448. *—tall fellow of thy hands.*] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

The rest of the phrase occurs in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114.

“A noble knight eke of his honde.”

A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow skilful in thievery*. Phraseology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529:

“Thou art a good man of thyne habite.”

STEEVENS.

554. *Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.*] The clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at that period run in this style.

Thus

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing :
 “ Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear.”

WHALLEY.

509. *Oh, patience;]* That is, *Stay a while, be not so eager.*

JOHNSON.

589. *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—]* The sentence completed is :

—*but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*

But there his passion made him break off.

WARBURTON.

535. *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,]* The meaning is, that her eye, though *fixed*, as in an earnest gaze, has motion in it.

EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakspeare has used both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, is likewise employed by Drayton in the first canto of the *Barons' Wars* :

“ Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky.”

STEEVENS.

536. *As we are mock'd with art.]* *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for “ *as if*.” Thus in *Cymbeline* :

“ He spake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,

“ And she alone were cold.”

Again in *Macbeth* :

H

“ *As*

“As they had seen me with these hangman's hands

“List'ning their fear.” MALONE.

604. *And from your sacred vials pour your graces*] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: “And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth.” Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

614. *You precious winners all ; ————*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

JOHNSON.

615. *————— I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.*] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Euridice, says :

“Sic gemit arenti viduatus ab arbore turtur.”

It is observable, that the two poets, in order to heighten the image, have used the very same phrase, having both placed their turtles on a dry and withered bough. I have since discovered the same idea in Lodge's *Rosalynd, or Euphues' golden Legacie*, 1592, a book which Shakspeare is known to have read :

“A turtle sat upon a leaveless tree,

“Mourning her absent *phœr*—

“With sad and sorry cheer,—

“And

“ And whilst her plumes she rents,

“ And for her love *laments*,” &c.

Chapman seems to have imitated this passage in his *Widow's Tears*, 1612 : “ Whether some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion, or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered bough till Atropos cut her throat.”

MALONE.

THE END.

